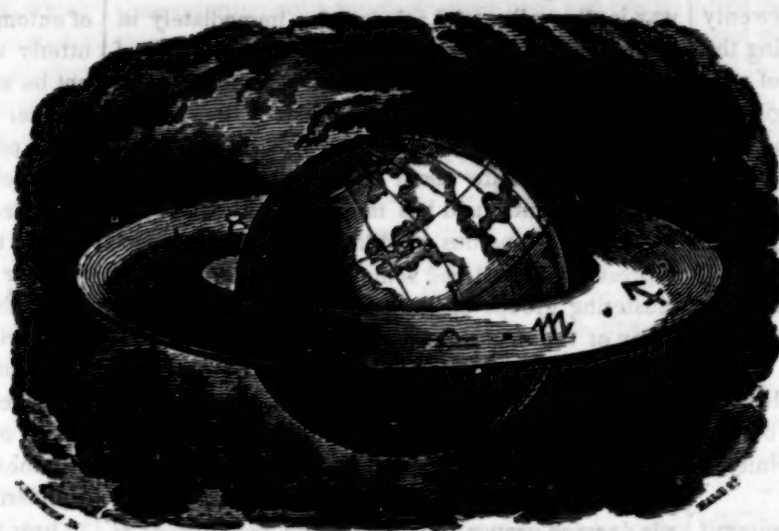


THE ZODIAC.



DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, JUNE, 1836.

No. 12.

(For the Zodiac.)

THE GENTLE NURSE.

The finger of disease had placed
Its seal upon my brow;
And deep the lines that finger traced,
Though all are vanish'd now:
And weariness hung o'er my bed,
And pain was hov'ring nigh,
While dreamy visions, wild and dread,
Woke many a deep-drawn sigh.

My sleep!—oh! how unlike the sleep
Of childhood's early days!
When yet I had not learn'd to weep,
Or trod life's weary ways:
When calm and sweet, as evening spread
Her dusky wing o'er earth,
Sleep came, with soft, elastic tread,
And hush'd my gladsome mirth.

I woke from sleep, and on my view,
There fell a vision bright,
Of one, with heart of kindness true,
Who watch'd o'er me that night:
And Pity's voice fell on mine ear,
With tones so sweet and low,
It sooth'd my pain, and bade me hear,
That gentle music flow.

I've seen that light and graceful form,
When floating in the dance;
I've seen that dark and laughing eye,
When brilliant was its glance;
I've heard that voice, when swelling out
In music wild and sweet;
I've heard her light guitar's deep tones,
With thrilling cadence meet.

I've seen those dark and wavy locks,
Shading her ample brow,
And gazed upon her till I lov'd—
Not as I love her now.
For yet I see her, as she sat
Beside my couch of pain,
And patient watch'd, till morning shed
Her beams o'er earth again.

That gentle hand! I feel it yet,
As when it bath'd my brow!
And all her kindness and her care,
Are present with me now;
Oh, may a heavenly light e'er guide
Her beauty and her youth!
And keep her that her steps ne'er slide,
From joy, and peace, and truth!

Stockbridge, Mass.

A. D. W.



JUNE,

"THE LEAFY MONTH OF JUNE."

The Romans dedicated this month to Mercury, the protector of merchants and travellers.

The summer solstice begins in this month. The sun enters Cancer on the 21st, and then we have the longest day.

(For the Zodiac.)

NOTES OF A PEDESTRIAN.

Continued.

After crossing the Delaware river, the canal skirts the base of the hills along the northern shore of the Lackawaxen creek, until it reaches its westert point of termination, at the village of Honesdale, a distance of about thirty-three miles. This is certainly a most beautiful and well constructed portion of the work; much greater pains appear to have been bestowed upon the building of the locks, and, notwithstanding that their sidewalls are faced with wood, they surely exhibit a much better aspect, and, I think, that they will doubtlessly prove far more durable than any that I beheld to the eastward of the blue ridge; this likewise seems to be the general opinion among the numerous boatmen who navigate its waters.

The scenery along this distance presents the same general appearance as that previously seen, since entering this mountain ridge, the densely wooded hills on either side, being constructed of precisely the same well characterised mill-stone grits and shales, only with the difference, that the strata of each of them have become much thicker and more coarse in their structure, altogether in consequence of the canal having by degrees gradually attained a more superior elevation in the group; the vegetable organic remains have also greatly increased in numbers, and many of them are much larger in their dimensions than any of those hitherto observed from beneath.

In passing along through these hills, the attention of the traveller is continually excited by the immense quantities of a beautiful species of *usnea*, which is every where to be seen, covering the dark branches of the trees of the forest, hanging far below them in ample, cinerous-green locks, or, in graceful festoons, and which gives an effect to the scene that is at once peculiarly hoary, and wild in the extreme. This fine lichen is reputed by botanists to be extremely slow in its growth, requiring many years for it to ripen into maturity, a fact which I consider in no small degree exaggerated, for in progressing along, repeated opportunities afforded themselves for beholding it in dense masses, adhering to the branches of apple trees in the orchards about, which, from the diminutive size and youthful appearance, with certainty, never could exceed beyond the age of five years.

The village of Honesdale is situated directly at the junction of the canal with the rail-road to Carbondale, a distance of one hundred and eight miles from the Hudson river; and if any thing, has rather a pleasant position, although it still exhibits all the fresh appearances of having but recently been extricated from the heavy masses of forest, by which it is surrounded. Its population at present is about four hundred inhabitants, and they are slowly on the increase; the houses are very much scattered, which is most generally the case in all newly established villages, where individual interests are striving with one another for the ascendancy. It contains two buildings for public worship, an Episcopalian, and one for Methodists; this latter denomination seems greatly to prevail in this region of country. There are also an academy, a scythe and axe manufactory, and one for leather. The neighboring hills readily yield an abundance of lumber of an excellent quality, large quantities of which are daily floated to their respective markets, either by the way of the Hudson and Delaware canal to New-York, or down the Lackawaxen and Delaware river to the city of Philadelphia, and elsewhere along the course of that stream.

The Delaware and Hudson canal company's rail-road has been constructed principally for the purpose of conveying the anthracite from the mines at Carbondale to the canal, a distance of sixteen and a half miles: its passage is over a country exceedingly rugged, and mountainous, sometimes being excavated from the mill-stone grits and shales, and

at others, stretching across ravines of no inconsiderable width, elevated on timber stanchions, twenty or more feet in height, most readily impressing the mind of an individual, unsued to this mode of conveyance, with sensations of fear, by the fragile appearance it presents to his view. For the first twelve and a half miles, it rises gradually by a series of variously inclined planes, until it attains its greatest elevation, near the summit of the Moosic mountains, an altitude of nine hundred and twelve feet above its base, and one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight feet above the ordinary tide water level. In the remaining four miles it, by the same means, has a rapid and rather abrupt descent of nine hundred perpendicular feet, to the bottom of Carbondale valley, immediately in the vicinity of the mines.

From the village of Carbondale to the summit level, on the Moosic mountains, the laden carriages are drawn up the different inclinations, by five stationary steam engines, which, for the most part are kept constantly in operation, and from thence, in descending towards the canal, three inclined planes occur at distinct intervals, though of no very considerable extent, down the slope of which the loaded wagons are made use of for returning those which have become unladen; and over a gentle declivity, extending a distance of six miles, they descend in a most beautiful manner by their gravity alone; but in returning, horse-power is necessarily employed. Further on, and terminating the road in that direction, is a slight inclination of four miles, upon which horses are made use of for transporting the carriages in either direction.

This rail-road is a temporary structure; however, from increase of business transacted upon it, I am induced to believe, that in a short space of time, the company will be enabled to render it far more permanent; some valuable improvements have already been made in several places, by Mr. Archibald, their intelligent and enterprising engineer; but much more still remains to be done. The full amount of transportation upon this road for the present year, (1835) has been ninety thousand tons of anthracite, ten millions feet of lumber, and other articles, amounting in all, to something over one hundred thousand tons of transit.

The face of the country through which this rail-road pursues its tortuous course is wild and dreary in the extreme, being principally made up of alternate hills and dales, constructed of harsh and craggy rocks, covered for the most part all over by dense forests of hemlock, beech and cherry, with some maples and ash. The soil I should suppose would not admit of any high degree of improvement, in consequence of its being composed chiefly of the disintegrating particles of the mill-stone grits and shales, which, containing no lime, yields but a meagre earth to be susceptible of much profitable cultivation; the only richness it possesses, being derived almost exclusively from the decomposition of the heavier vegetables, which so luxuriantly thrive throughout this region of country. Many of those hardy shrubs and under-shrubs, which are comprised in the natural order *Ericaceæ* of Linneus, are also very abundant those which displayed themselves in the most conspicuous manner, though not in bloom, were the leather-leaf, (*Andromeda calyculata*, Linn.) bear berry, (*Arbutus uva-ursi*, Linn.) trailing arbutus, (*Epigæa repens*, Linn.) spicy winter laurel, (*Kaltheria procumbens*, Linn.) mountain green, (*Gaulthia latifolia*, Linn.) and the beautiful American rose-bay, (*Rhododendron maximum*, Linn.)

The village of Carbondale is situated about midway in the valley of Lackawanna, immediately in the vicinity of the company's extensive mines of anthracite, and near to where has been most generally considered the commencement of the beds of this valuable mineral, in a northern direction. It at present contains about two thousand five hundred inhabitants, and has much the appearance of being in a prosperous condition, though the aspect it presents is rendered somewhat peculiar, by the clustering groups of rude cottages which occupy many of the slight eminences by which it is surrounded, and which are chiefly appropriated to the use of the miners. Extensive buildings are also here situated, in which are manufactured all the necessary articles required for the completion of the numerous carriages, and the various other utensils deemed proper to facilitate the conveyance of the abundant products that this region of country affords.

(For the Zodiac.)

LOCH LOMOND.

Loose from Tarbet, with bosom green,
Which 'neath the mountains' rugged screen,
Like highland maiden sweetly fair,
The snood and rose-bud in her hair,
With welcome and refreshment meet,
Doth well the weary traveller greet.

Off on Loch Lomond!—scarce the gale
Doth idly swell our snowy sail,
And not a vapor dims the eye
In silver cloud or azure sky.

While o'er its mirror, broad and deep,
With gently curving course we sweep,
What thoughts on angel pinions driven,
Drop in the heart, the seeds of heaven,
These winged seeds, whose fruit sublime
Decays not, with decaying time.

The tender friend, whom thou hast laid
In some far church-yard's distant shade,—
Thy gentle babe, who never more
Must sport around its parent's door,
Return they not, with phantom-glide,
As if to journey by thy side?

Now fleets the illusion, sadly dear,
And Nature claims thy rapturous tear.
Ben Lomond's giant form grows high,
Like him of Gath, whose haughty eye
Frown'd dark o'er Elah's tented vale,
And turn'd the host of Israel pale.

Behold Ben Arthur's warrior crest,
Fire at the banner of the west,
As though he warn'd with slogan cry,
The highland spear-points bristling nigh,
To come like clansmen true and fair,
And battle with the kings of air.

While thro' yon shivered summits reeking,
The wearied sun his pillow seeking,
A flood of golden splendor sent,
O'er Scotland's rocky battlement.
And we, o'er inky waters rowing,
Each cliff its mass of shadow throwing,
Gaz'd gladly on that glorious ray,
Seen through the vista, far away,
As if beyond its arch we scan'd,
The portals of the better land.

L. H. S.

(For the Zodiac.)

ENTOMOLOGY.

Among the manifold periodicals which continue daily to throng in upon us, from various parts of our country, how many a page do we behold, devoted exclusively to the elaborate essays of the votaries of botany; whilst one of its sister sciences, equally useful and far more interesting, can with the greatest difficulty, command the pen of even a solitary

individual in its cause. Why it is, that the science of entomology is thus almost totally neglected, I am utterly unable even to conjecture: surely, it cannot be said, that nature has reared the product of this her ample field, far remote from the busy habitation of man, and consequently, that she requires too much exertion of the body or mind, in the procurement of specimens, ever to render it an object worthy the attention of many, however strong may be their inclination to pursue the study, either for edification or amusement. From the simplest plant that springs and blossoms by the way-side, to the aged monarch that rears its head in the stillness of the forest, each bears a record of the devastating march of myriads of the insect race, nor is even the tenement of man itself, exempt from their intrusive wanderings; for day after day, are we not destined to hear the bitter lamentation of some individual of our families, for injuries sustained in the comforts or luxuries of the table, or, for some favorite article of wearing apparel rendered completely unfit for service, by the perforations of some of these minute particles of creation; and how various, too, are the species, to be observed of a summer evening, as they hover leisurely along the walls of our chamber, or gliding apparently unconscious of their danger, amid the rays of the lamp's fatal flame, presently dart into its very centre, and either perish, or fall sadly mutilated upon the table before us.

Should there be any that have not the inclination to extend their researches, far beyond the shadows of the places they inhabit, and do not consider those that visit them in the recesses of their abodes sufficiently numerous or important, they have but to walk into the garden which surrounds them, and, however limited be its extent, they will there find ample employment for the leisure hours of a season, merely in noting the various habits of the multitudes which daily throng to the little vegetation it may contain.

To such individuals as derive pleasure from observing the beauties of nature, I would, in a peculiar manner, recommend the study of insects, for certainly, none other of her productions can present a more extensive, or richer field of enjoyment; the loveliest flowers that bloom, and breathe forth their fragrance to the summer air, are utterly unable to exhibit a more beautiful variety of tints, so delicately blending into each other, as those with which she has decorated this interesting portion of her works; nor can even the vast mineral kingdom afford a single fragment of its treasures, to surpass them in the brilliant magnificence of their appearance.

When we consider the many advantages the farmers of our country might derive from even a partial knowledge of this science, and the variety of amusements it is capable of affording those, who are not under the necessity of becoming tillers of the soil for a sustenance, it certainly appears somewhat remarkable, that we possess so little information of the habits of the commonest insects which are continually around us, and more especially so, when we reflect, that scarcely a solitary hour can elapse in the existence of the life of man, that does not, in a manner, present to his senses some of the numerous species.

These preceding remarks have been elicited, in consequence of the receipt of the following letter, from one of the subscribers of the "Zodiac," and which, I think, by no means requires an apology for publishing, together with the necessary information referred to in its contents.

"I have noticed in your 'Naturalist's Every

Day Book,' some remarks occasionally on spiders. This brought to my recollection the question, which I have often heard proposed, 'how does the spider throw his web across from one object to another through empty space?' There is a kind of mystery about this which is not easily explained. I will mention the following facts, and wish your naturalist, if he is able, to solve the problem.

"Late in the autumn, in a yard, in which a farmer had placed several stacks of hay, the web of the spider was observed stretching across from the top of one hay pole to another, and from this to a third, and so on, until a chain of communication was formed throughout the whole. The question immediately arose, how did he get his web across from one pole to the other? Did he fasten it at one end, descend to the ground, climb the other stack, draw it up after him, and then fasten it at the top of the other pole? This was impossible. While the question was being agitated, a small grey spider was observed on a dry spire of grass near at hand. The spire of grass was secured with the spider on it. Another spire was then set up at a little distance from it, say twelve inches, with no other object near it. The thumb and finger then grasping the spire below the spider, were gradually raised so as to drive him to the top; being pressed for room, after a little hesitation, he started off in a direct line to the top of the other spire. The moment he left the one for the other, a web could be seen, but not till then. The web was then broken, and being driven up the other spire, he went back to the first in the same manner.

"The experiment was variously repeated several times, the position being different in every case, the spires being placed at different distances, but always with the same result.

"This experiment was a very amusing and interesting one, but we were no better prepared to solve the question at the end, than we were at the beginning. Now if your learned naturalist can solve this problem for us, we shall remember him with very great respect every time we come in contact with a spider.

"Yours, &c.

"J. B. WILCOX.

"Castile, May 2, 1836.

The ingenuity that these interesting animals display in accomplishing objects which they at any time require, is with certainty, most admirably calculated to excite feelings of pleasure, and even astonishment, in the breasts of every beholder; and I have repeatedly experienced great delight, in observing the peculiar manner in which the singular feat alluded to in the above letter, is accomplished by them. There are two ways in which it is principally done. The one is, to fasten the end of the thread to an angle of a fence, or any other object similarly situated, and then to proceed along until it reaches an opposite angle, taking the precaution of keeping it from coming in contact with any of the parts, by projecting one of its posterior limbs, through the claw of which the thread is made to glide in such a manner as to be kept nearly an inch from the wall. After having reached a situation suitable to its purpose, the slack of the web is speedily taken in, and the end, firmly secured as before. This acts as the basis line from which the others are extended in various directions. The second mode, is, for the spider to ascend some eminence, and then by elevating the abdomen, rapidly to dart out threads, so extremely fine as almost to elude the observation of the spectator, until they reach some neighboring object, along which it then

with unusual speed pursues its course, at the same time spinning out a much stronger line, and one far thicker in its dimensions. The experiments referred to in the preceding letter, I sincerely think must have been accomplished in the manner last described: the thread produced having been so extremely fine in its texture, and the rapidity with which the animal completed its object, renders it highly probable, that during the process it fairly escaped detection, for they are certainly by no means constructed for a passage through the atmosphere by any other mode of conveyance than through those of their buoyant webs.

With the view of deciding the question, how spiders contrive to extend lines which are often many feet in length, across inaccessible openings, we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Kirby, for the following experiments, for the idea of which he refers to the writings of Mr. Knight, who informs us, that if a spider be placed upon an upright stick, having its bottom immersed in water, it will, after trying in vain all modes of escape, dart out numerous fine threads, so light as to float in the air, some one of which attaching itself to a neighboring object furnishes a bridge for escape. He states, that "I accordingly placed the large garden spider upon a stick about a foot long, placed upright in a vessel containing water. After fastening its thread (as all spiders do before they move) at the top of the stick, it crept down the side until it felt the water with its fore feet, which seem to serve as antennæ; it then immediately swung itself from the stick (which was slightly bent) and climbed up the thread to the top. This it repeated perhaps a score of times, sometimes creeping down a different part of the stick, but more frequently down the very side it had so often traversed in vain. Wearied with this sameness in its operations, I left the room for some hours. On my return, I was surprised to find my prisoner escaped, and not a little pleased to discover, on further examination, a thread extended from the top of the stick to a cabinet seven or eight inches distant, which thread had doubtless served as its bridge. Eager to witness the process by which the line was constructed, I replaced the spider in its former position. After frequently creeping down and mounting up again, as before, at length it let itself drop from the top of the stick, not as before by a single thread, but by two, each distant from the other about the twelfth of an inch, guided as usual by one of its hind feet, and one apparently smaller than the other. When it had suffered itself to descend nearly to the surface of the water, it stopped short, and, by some means which I could not distinctly see, broke off close to the spinners the smallest thread, which still adhering by the other end to the top of the stick, floated in the air, and was so light as to be carried about by the slightest breath. On approaching a pencil to the loose end of this line, it did not adhere from mere contact. I therefore twisted it once or twice round the pencil, and then drew it tight. The spider, which had previously climbed to the top of the stick, immediately pulled at it with one of his feet, and, finding it sufficiently tense, crept along it, strengthening it, as it proceeded, by another thread, and thus reached the pencil."

A writer in the *Journal de Physique*, asserts, on actual observation, that he saw a small spider, which he had forced to suspend itself by its thread from the point of a feather, shoot out obliquely in opposite directions other smaller threads, which attached themselves in the still air of a room, without any influence of the wind, to the objects towards

which they were directed. He therefore infers, that spiders have the power of shooting out threads and directing them at pleasure towards a determined point, judging of the distance and position of the object by some sense of which we are ignorant; whereupon, Mr. Kirby remarks, that he once witnessed something like this manœuvre in the male of a small garden spider, (*Aranea reticulata*.) "It was standing midway on a long perpendicular fixed thread, and an appearance caught my eye of what seemed to be an emission of thread, from its projected spinners. I therefore moved my arm in the direction in which they apparently proceeded, and, as I suspected, a floating thread attached itself to my coat, along which the spider crept." Another authority is from an article contained in the transactions of the Linnean Society, in which its able writer states, that "having procured a small branching twig, I fixed it upright in an earthen vessel containing water, its base being immersed in the liquid, and upon it I placed several of the spiders which produce gossamer. Whenever the insects thus circumstanced were exposed to a current of air, either naturally or artificially produced, they directly turned the thorax towards the quarter whence it came, even when it was so slight as scarcely to be perceptible, and elevating the abdomen, they emitted from their spinners a small portion of glutinous matter, which was instantly carried out in a line, consisting of four finer ones, with a velocity equal, or nearly so, to that with which the air moved, as was apparent from observations made on the motion of detached lines, similarly exposed.—The spiders, in the next place, carefully ascertaining whether their lines had become firmly attached to any object or not, by pulling at them with the first pair of legs; and if the result was satisfactory, after tightening them sufficiently, they made them fast to the twigs; then discharging from their spinners, which they applied to the spot where they stood, a little more of their liquid gum, and committing themselves to those bridges of their own constructing, they passed over them in safety, drawing a second line after them, as a security in case the first gave way, and so effected their escape."

I shall now conclude this communication, with a brief description of the whole process, which I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing a few mornings since, even whilst the above letter was still in my possession. It was accomplished by one of the larger species of hunting spiders, that are so commonly met with, along the walls and palings of our gardens, during the more genial seasons of the year. When first observed, it had taken its station upon a superior corner of a piece of joist, about four inches square, and which projected three feet and a half beyond the building to which it was attached. Its abdomen was elevated in the air, and it was apparently with great industry spinning out its web, no doubt with the intention of reaching the nearest object to his position, and which proved to be a plum tree, situated nearly four feet distant. This web was so exceedingly fine that a considerable time elapsed ere I could readily discern it, floating most gracefully in long undulations upon the light morning air. In a short time, I observed that it had become entangled in one of the smaller branches of the tree, which the spider almost instantaneously discovered, and, after once or twice tugging at the line with its anterior feet, in order to ascertain that it was sufficiently secure, it suddenly, and with great force, launched out upon its aerial voyage, but not, however, before it had taken the precaution of

firmly cementing an additional, and much stronger thread, to the point from whence it started. The utility of this measure soon became very apparent, for it had barely proceeded a few inches upon this slender bridge, e'er the lighter thread suddenly disunited from the weight alone, when the spider was left freely swinging to and fro by the larger line, three or four inches beneath the joist; otherwise, perfectly free from injury. It soon, however, regained its former position, and with an industry fully equal, was soon again employed in a process in every respect precisely similar to that which preceded. Once again, however, it was its destiny to meet the same result; but the third attempt proved perfectly successful, and with a rapid motion, I soon beheld it reach the desired position. The object of this spider in changing its situation, was, unquestionably, for the purpose of procuring with more facility its ordinary food, for I beheld, in great numbers, a small species of *Musca* rapidly traversing several branches of the plum-tree, and particularly that one upon which it had landed. Upon continuing my observations of this hunter, I was highly amused to see the cat-like caution with which it stole along the opposite side of the branch, towards a position where several of these insects were assembled, quietly regaling themselves upon a portion of the gum which had exuded from the tree—sometimes running for a short distance with uncommon speed, then resting for some moments, as if for reflection, and so alternately moving onward until it came within several inches of the intended spot: it now proceeded with much greater care, occasionally pausing, and slowly projecting its head around the branch, as if to ascertain its true approximation. At length, after approaching within a few inches to where the flies appeared, it gradually stole to the upper surface of the branch, and then became perfectly motionless; and so it continued for some moments, as if to select a victim from among their number, and, for the purpose of making a more sure and deadly aim. The favorable moment having now occurred, it all at once, and with a motion almost as rapid as the light, sprung through the air, immediately upon one of the flies, and soon bore it away triumphantly to some secluded recess among the leaves.

Many other anecdotes to this effect might easily be cited, if necessary, but I sincerely trust, that those which have already been introduced, will prove amply sufficient to explain the manner in which spiders transport themselves, through space, from one object to another. E.

(For the Zodiac.)

NAPOLÉON.

With the sons of the stranger, gath'ring round
His lowly bier, he is borne to his grave,
And they lower his corse in the cold damp ground,
By the shore of the dark green ocean wave—
A fitting tomb for the glorious brave—
To sleep where the winds and the waters roar,
By the rocky strand that the billows lave,
Where the dark storms sweep by the lonely shore,
And o'er the foam crown'd waves the screaming sea-birds soar.
Oh! fitter, far, for the conqueror's tomb,
To be on that lonely and sea-bound isle,
With none to weep over his glories doom,
Than to rest far off mid a cloistered pile,
Where around flowers bloom and sunbeams smile,
By the sculptured tombs of the mighty dead,
With warriors threading the high arch'd aisle,
To weep o'er the chief in his narrow bed,
And a warrior's requiem echoing o'er his head

He had been alone mid the storms of life—

And alone he slept on his lowly bier,
Alone, (as he stood on the field of strife,)
He died, and fell o'er him no mourning tear,
No friend that he loved, not one that was dear,
Came to his tomb o'er the dark ocean wave;
His woes to soothe, or his sorrows to cheer,
To mourn o'er the death of the noble brave,
Or shed one pitying tear above his lonely grave.

Have, with the exile, died his mighty deeds,
Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena's plain?
Have with him faded all his valors meed's,
And all his glory ended with his reign?
Let his sad fate wash out each bloody stain,
That war has fixed upon his helms fair plume,
Blot out the mem'ry of the thousands slain:
And tears embalm the records of his doom,
While Pity wipes the stains, that rest upon his tomb.

And such is human glory, such the power
That spread its empire over Europe's shore—
So fleeting, transient, but one short lived hour,
Then dead and powerless, and is felt no more.
And such ambition's tow'ring hopes that soar
Beyond the precincts of this earth's fair plains,
And dyes itself so deep in human gore—
No mortal hand can wash away the stains,
Or votive off'rings, at a thousand temples fanes.

The conqueror's monument, the rocks that high
Rear up their brows above the stormy strand—
Their tops the clouds that float along the sky,
Their bases resting on the ocean's sand.
His dirge the voices of the storm sprite's band,
That sweep along the ocean's crested wave,
And shake with rushing winds the sea and land,
Blast the high rocks that seem their power to brave,
Or sink in softer murmurings o'er the exile's grave.

LECTURES ON COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY,

BY ROBERT E. GRANT, M. D., F. R. S. E., &c;

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh; and Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Animal Physiology in the University of London.

LECTURE II.—Concluded.

ON THE OBJECTS OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY, AND ITS APPLICATIONS TO OTHER BRANCHES OF KNOWLEDGE.

The study of the muscular apparatus of animals, the active organs by which they are moved to and fro on the earth, and by which every internal and external movement of their body is effected, is not less interesting to the anatomist and physiologist, than it is to the natural philosopher, the statuary, and the painter. An acquaintance with this system affords a key to the most striking and apparently inexplicable phenomena and living habits of animals—as the flight of insects, reptiles, birds, and many quadrupeds, and even fishes through the liquid air; the feats of strength displayed by many animals in bounding over the surface of the earth; or the immense velocity with which many marine animals plough the dense abyss through which they move. The statuary and the painter, and all who study philosophically the true characters of living animals, and the shades and varieties of expression presented by animated nature, must be interested in all that relates to their muscular system, or those active organs by which all the motions of the body are effected. Indeed, without an acquaintance with the organs that are called into play in the various motions of the body, neither the painter nor the statuary can give animation, life, or vigor of expression, to his representations of living nature.

It is, we observe, illustrated in many of the productions of the fine arts, where the artist has been restrained in his representations by his want of knowledge of the muscular system, which would be called into action in the violent motions of the animals represented. Some are forced to keep the mouths of animals closed from their being unable to

represent, not only the form of the teeth, but the muscles which would be called into action in representing them in a state of nature. The posture of the body has not that play of lively motion which we observe in the various tribes of animals, because the slightest motion of a member, or the representation of any living action, would force the artist to display an acquaintance with the general disposition of the muscles, and with the particular muscles which are called into action in each motion of the body.

To the natural philosopher the study of the complex machinery by which all animal motions are effected, is replete with the most interesting problems. Borelli, Mayo, and Barthez, by examining the forms of the articulations of animals, and the size and attachments of the muscles, submitted to mathematical calculation the various motions they perform, and the forces they exert in standing, walking, running, leaping, flying, and swimming.

The physiologist who studies human structure with a philosophic spirit, it is interesting to trace the various conditions, the forms, and the development of the muscular system in the inferior tribes of animals. We observe it at first in the form of a homogeneous pulp before it assumes the form of a fibrous mass. We observe those fibres assuming more and more definite forms until we arrive at that series of distinct fasciculi, which, from their constancy, regularity, and symmetry, in the highest forms of animals, have received distinct names. The muscular system is exactly proportioned in the various tribes of animals, in its development, to the living habits of those animals. If an animal is to fly through the air by the motion of its arms, we find that the muscles destined for the motions, particularly of the humerus, are largely developed. If it is destined to burrow in the earth, the muscles which are destined to move the hands are vigorous; and the whole of the anterior extremities, to give them greater vigor, are shortened. They are thus extended in the bats and the birds, but are shortened in the moles and other burrowing quadrupeds.

It is interesting to trace the gradual development of the nervous system in the animal kingdom,—to watch the first formation of nervous fibres from the state of globules in which that system appears to be in its lowest condition,—to observe the parts which are developed in the course of those filaments of globules, or those nervous fibres,—to trace the connexion between the gradual development of the nervous system, and the general complexness of the whole of the rest of the organization.

We shall never find the nervous system highly developed while the rest of the organization is in the lowest condition of simplicity; but the development of this important system is more an index of the general development of animals than any other system of their economy. We shall trace the gradual development of the spino-cerebral axis in the vertebrated classes, from its simple condition in the petromyzon, and others of the lowest cartilaginous fishes. We shall see that we gradually arrive even at this simple condition of the nervous system in fishes, by tracing it through the radiated animals, where it is disposed in the form of a circular filament. We shall trace it through the articulated class of animals, where, from the lengthened form of the bodies of those animals, it assumes the form of two lengthened cords connected before and behind. We shall trace those abdominal filaments gradually developing ganglia in their course, and the concentration of those ganglia at those parts of the body from which important organs are to be developed.

Thus we shall find in the highest of the articulated animals, that the two simple nervous filaments of the entozoa, have ganglia developed upon them, at first disposed at regular distances along their whole course, and that those ganglia gradually advance, approximate, and unite, at that part of the body from which the extremities of the body are developed; that the ganglia placed above the oesophagus—the supra-oesophageal ganglia, or the so-called brain of those animals, become largely developed in them, corresponding with the high development of the organs of the senses, as the compound eyes, the numerous antennae and palpi. We shall observe this concentrated form of the great centres of the nervous system more marked in the molluscan classes, where it is concentrated generally in the form of a chain of ganglia around the oesophagus.

In the vertebrated classes, the various stages of

the development of the nervous system are intimately connected with the condition of the rest of their organization, and with the kind of relations which they require to have established with surrounding nature. The great centres of the nervous system, the brain and the cerebellum in the class of fishes, correspond with the embryo condition of that system in the human body. The corpora quadrigemina, for example, in the cold-blooded vertebrate classes, remain as undivided lobes, containing cavities within them, as in the embryo state of our own corpora quadrigemina. The hemispheres of the brain gradually become developed in every direction,—upwards, laterally, backwards,—from the class of fishes through the amphibia, the reptiles, the birds, and the quadrupeds, till they acquire that extraordinary development which you observe in man and in the animals which come nearest to him—a development by which the cranial vertebræ are dilated, so as to change entirely their appearance, and to render it difficult at first to trace the analogy which exists between those expanded cranial vertebræ, and the vertebræ composing the rest of the column.

It is interesting to trace the gradual development of the organs of the senses; to watch the successive additions of parts, from the simplest form of those organs till we arrive at their most complex form in the highest animals; to find the ear of the crustaceous animals consists of a simple vestibule, the internal solid parts added in the cephalopoda, the semicircular canals added in fishes, the gradual development of the cochlea, and the tympanum as we ascend through the cold-blooded animals, and to trace the gradual elaboration in all those internal parts, as well as the addition and perfection of the external concha. And so of all the other organs of the senses.

The study of the digestive apparatus of animals will occupy a considerable time, because it is a system which will lead us to the lowest forms of known animals. We shall see the digestive apparatus from a simple sac without appendices, and with only one orifice, becoming gradually more lengthened and complex in its structure, and developing from its parietes the various glandular apparatus which are to assist in the digestion of the food. We shall see that all glandular organs, whatever be the nature of the secretion they are to form, are tubes developed from the internal or from the external surface of the body. That the intestine develops the pancreas and the liver, and the other glands that open into it; that the surface of the skin develops glands which open upon its surface; that, in fact, all the systems that enter into the composition of animal bodies are successively developed from a primitive, simple, homogeneous, cellular tissue which at first composed the whole body.

The gelatinous embryo of animals, like the albuminous vesicle of the ovum of a plant, or like the simplest animalcule, is at first composed of mere cellular tissue, which, becoming condensed on the surface, forms the integument or skin. The skin, by folding inwardly, forms a stomach, or by passing through the body forms an intestinal canal. The intestine, by lateral prolongations, forms cæca, glands, or vessels, which by becoming developed and isolated, form various independent systems in the higher animals. Prolongations from the skin form cilia or brachiæ, or when they are directed inwardly, they form lungs for respiration; and even the organs of generation have a similar origin from the external or the internal surface, as all glandular organs.

We shall trace the gradual development of the chyliferous vessels, from their simplest form in fishes, as a distinct system, gradually acquiring valves and glands in their course, and the change of the materials which they convey to the blood, from the limpid contents in the cold-blooded animals, to the milky contents in the mammalia.

We shall find that the vascular system proceeds regularly in the march of its development, as we rise from the simple vessels of the polygastric animalcules, and from the lowest articulated classes upwards, through the insects where the dorsal vessel is formed, through the crustaceous animals where a distinct muscular cavity is formed, through the molluscous classes where an auricle is superadded, through the reptiles where two auricles are formed and the ventricle has become partially divided, to the hot-blooded animals where four distinct cavities of the heart exist. There is a beautiful analogy betwixt the various conditions thus

presented by the vascular system in the different grades of animals, and the conditions which it is known to present during its development in the embryo and in the fœtus of man. In the highest forms of hot-blooded animals, the vascular system consists at first solely of vessels, and those vessels contain, as in the lowest animals, a colourless fluid. These vessels form an aorta, which develops a ventricle, then an auricle; to this is superadded another auricle and another ventricle by the division of the two original cavities. So that we pass through the same stages of development by tracing this vascular system through one of the highest animals, as we do in tracing it through the great body of the animal kingdom.

It is interesting to observe the forms assumed by the respiratory organs in the various tribes of animals, with relation to the media in which they live. At first the respiratory system is distributed generally over the surface of the body. In proportion to the development of the vascular system and the general organization, the respiratory system becomes limited to a particular part of the body, through which the circulating fluids may be conveniently conveyed in their course through the body. We shall see the first form of the system to consist of cilia, or minute vibratile filaments disposed over the surface; whilst in the aquatic animals, it consists of gills, which are variously disposed, according to the organization and general form of the body. We shall trace the gradual development of those internal respiratory organs, by which the reptiles, the birds, and the mammalia, are allowed so extensive a surface for the distribution of their blood. We shall observe those cavities gradually developed from the tracheæ ramified through all parts of the insect, becoming more defined in the arachnida,—forming a pulmonary sac in many of the gasteropodes—forming air-bags in fishes communicating with the alimentary canal, and at length with the mouth in fishes and amphibia. We shall observe those sacs becoming more and more complex by the formation of internal septa, till we arrive at the complex organs we see in the hot-blooded vertebrata. We shall trace the connexion which exists between the development of the respiratory system and the muscular system, the correspondence with the development of the nervous system, the organs of the senses, and all the more important systems of the economy.

After examining the various organs destined for the innumerable secretions of animals, the organs which are prepared for the absorption and for the removal of the decayed materials of the body, we shall observe those systems to become more and more complete in proportion to the general development of the other systems of the economy.

In considering the tegumentary organs which cover and protect all the more delicate organs, we shall perceive that the forms which those systems present, are intimately connected with the living habits, and with the internal condition of the structure. The simplest forms of animals possess an integument, which consists merely of a more condensed portion of the general cellular tissue of the body. A distinct cutis is at length formed, with a cuticle, and with appendices developed from its surface, in the form of hairs, scales, or other protecting organs. Those external appendices have a beautiful relation to the whole condition of the animals. Thus the birds, organised to pass rapidly through strata of the atmosphere of various degrees of temperature—to plunge through those strata rapidly to pounce upon their prey, or to pass to distant latitudes on the surface of the globe, and over mountain chains of high elevation and covered with perpetual snows—are protected with a dense downy covering, a very bad conductor of caloric, by which the warmth of the body beneath is protected from vicissitudes of temperature in the surrounding medium. We shall see the various purposes to which those tegumentary organs are applied, sometimes serving as organs of defence, and sometimes as organs of offence.

In the organs by which the races of animals are perpetuated on the earth, we shall see that the various forms they present, exhibit the same phenomena of gradual development;—that the fissiparous generation of the simplest animals, the gemmiparous generation of higher forms, the oviparous generation, so common in the invertebrate classes, and even as high as the mammalia, and the viviparous generation so characteristic of the highest class, are but different stages of the same great

function. In watching the development of the embryo of the most perfect animals through all the stages of its development, we discover that the order in which the various organs are brought into being, corresponds nearly with the order in which they are brought into existence, in ascending from the simplest to the highest classes. That the simplest animals, like the simplest plants, begin by a homogeneous pulp; and that in this are gradually formed all the various systems by which the nutrition of the individual is effected, the relations with surrounding nature are established, and the race is continued on the surface of the earth.

The study of these various objects is highly illustrative of human anatomy and physiology. They constitute the only correct and philosophic foundation for zoological classification. The study of the solid parts of animals is important to the geologist. The contemplation of the various machinery by which animals are enabled to continue their existence for a limited period on this earth, is interesting alike to the philosopher and the naturalist. It opens many new paths of inquiry to the student of nature. It is intimately connected with the duties of the legislator in framing laws for the protection and extension of the animal productions of countries. It opens up to the contemplative mind continual sources of pleasure and admiration, by pointing out proofs of wisdom and design in every form of animal organization. The profound study of these various objects is calculated to unfold the laws of vital movements, and to show that the phenomena of living beings are regulated by laws as definite as those which govern the vegetable kingdom or inorganic nature,—that the movements of animals form as much a part of the great system of nature as the movements of the celestial bodies, and that the whole constitutes one grand and harmonious system of the material world.

Indeed in whatever light we view this study, it presents subjects of inquiry worthy of occupying a philosophic mind. The multiplicity and the endless variety of the objects about which it is conversant, agreeably exercise, while they improve our mental powers, and their examination affords a healthful employment to our faculties and senses. The facts which the science presents to our contemplation, independent of their practical utility in the anatomy and physiology of man, are calculated to awaken and engage the attention, to interest and occupy the whole mind, to recall our thoughts from selfish or visionary pursuits, and to subdue the inordinate emotions and passions of our nature. Such inquiries afford useful and varied instruction, they constantly excite feelings of admiration and delight, and they leave a satisfaction in the mind from their conclusions resting always on the solid basis of observation and experience. From the consciousness of the life, the feelings, and the varied instincts, which once animated all the objects of this study, our sympathy, which might be unmoved by the examination of an unorganised mineral, is here constantly excited, the heart becomes interested, and the finest feelings of our nature are awakened and improved.

Animals constitute a part of the great system of nature, and their phenomena are regulated by universal laws. The organs of animals form the links of a chain, and their functions form a continued circle of renovation and decay. The close connexion and the mutual dependence of all the phenomena they exhibit, lead our reflections and inquiries to follow always in a connected train. The reasoning powers are thus constantly called into action, are strengthened by useful and varied exercise, and are suitably directed to the discovery of truth. The themes of reflection and the scenes of nature laid open to us by a philosophic survey of the structure and the living phenomena of the animal kingdom, enrich the imagination with varied and interesting imagery, while they extend our knowledge and fill the mind with wonder and admiration. And while these investigations extend our acquaintance with nature and with the sources of intellectual enjoyment around us, they enlarge the boundaries of physical science, and extend our views of that harmony which pervades the universe. They exalt our conception of the great Author of nature, by demonstrating his power, his goodness, and his infinite wisdom, in the minutest and most recondite parts of his creation; and they bring us nearer to him by removing the veil from the most mysterious of his operations in the material world.

(For the Zodiac.)

"I'VE STRUNG MY LYRE."

I've strung my lyre! I've strung my lyre,
At Beauty's high behest;
I've sung the brightness of her glance,
The smiles which made me blest;
For loveliness, unto my heart,
Speaks with commanding tone,
And dearly do I love her light,
Although 'tis not my own.

II.

I've woo'd the Muse! I've woo'd the Muse,
To fan the sacred flame,
Which on Love's altar ever burns,
'Mid changes, still the same;
For dearly do I love to yield,
My heart's best treasures up,
And gladly do I haste to fill
Affection's golden cup.

III.

I've breath'd a song! I've breath'd a song,
Of gladness and of glee,
When childhood came, with rosy smiles,
With step so light and free;
For dearly, dearly do I love
To watch the winning ways,
The simple pleasures of its years,
The sunshine of its days.

IV.

I've touch'd the harp! I've touch'd the harp,
When grief was hov'ring near,
And hiding ev'ry fount of joy,
With shadows dark and drear;
For even then, the mournful strain
Upon my broken heart,
Distilled a gently soothing balm,
Till tears forgot to start.

V.

I've chosen themes! I've chosen themes,
Which never fail'd to fling
An heav'nly radiance round my path,
And, like an angel's wing,
Brought tokens of that better world,
Where the exalting soul
Shall spurn its fetters; and expand
While countless ages roll.

VI.

And thus, fair visions cheer my way,
Amid the fev'rish strife,
The ever changing hopes and fears,
Which crowd the dream of life—
Ah, Poesy! thou 'st been to me,
An angel spirit bright!
Henceforth, henceforth, I'll follow thee,
On thro' thy path of light.

A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

Albany, June, 1836.

We present our readers with another original letter
from the pen of EMERSON, the celebrated tra-
veller in Greece:

Paris, Nov. 3d, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR—

I would sooner have answered your
kind letter, but that I did not wish to swell your
post account, when I had little interesting matter to
communicate, and it is merely an unwillingness to
let pass an occasion at this distance from home, that
has induced me to blot this sheet, which a gentle-
man returning to England will convey to you.—
Tennent and I have been detained here much long-
er than we wished, by the delay of a letter which
he expected from England, and, as it has at length
arrived, we start on Saturday, (6th inst.) for Flo-

rence. I am long since tired of Paris; the novelty
of its "lions" has entirely worn off, and all its incon-
veniences have succeeded, and to add to my misery,
the rainy weather has commenced, so as to render
its already odious streets almost impassable, by the
overflowing of the muddy kennel, which irrigates
the centre of each, whilst the intolerably cold air of
those tiled apartments, renders it impossible to sit
in them without a fire, which is here so dear, that
a good one generally costs as much as a dinner.—
All here is showy, gaudy exterior, but no solid real
comfort, and the idea that a man should come to
Paris to economise, is absolutely erroneous; to be
sure, one accustomed to luxury, should endeavor
to reside in Paris, for its wines, its Champagne,
Burgundy and fruits; but though luxury is cheap
at Paris, comfort is cheaper at home.

Washington Irving, whom I met at London, is at
present in Paris, where he means to spend the
winter. He is engaged in editing a long series of
British literature, which Galignani is about to publish
and the first work of which, (Goldsmith,) has already
appeared. He has been exceedingly attentive
to us, and the loss of his society is in fact the only
thing which I regret, on leaving France; lively,
good humored and communicative, with a vast fund
of knowledge, not second hand, but the result of
actual observation, he is completely the person you
would expect to find, from his works. His powers
of description, in conversation, are equal to his
"Sketches," in print, and his extensive acquaint-
ance with literary men, the facility with which he
describes their characters, and presents to you a
vivid picture of the striking peculiarities of each,
render his society most delightful. We have like-
wise called on old Gregoire, the Bishop of Blois,
whom you must have known as the staunch advo-
cate of the slaves, and has published some inter-
esting pamphlets on the abolition of the slave-trade.
He is an old gentleman, of extremely venerable
appearance, 84 years of age, and in point of spirit
and activity, a second Jeremy Bentham. He is
much interested in the success of the cause in
which we are engaged, and has furnished us with
letters to the Ionian Islands. He has already, he
told me, heard of Belfast, as a town much cele-
brated for its "patriotism." He had read, he said,
lately an account of Belfast, written some time
since, in which it mentioned, that it contained
among other sects, a congregation of Calamites,
and seemed much interested in learning the dis-
tinction between them and Methodists, who were
a sect whom he says he has the highest regard for,
and he had that morning received a letter from a
Miss or Mrs. Wesley, a niece of their founder,
whom he maintains a correspondence with.

Old Coray, the Greek patriot, is another vene-
rable character, to whom we had letters, tottering
almost on the brink of the grave; he still devotes
the last sparks of life to the enlightening of his
countrymen, and when we visited him, though
scarcely able to crawl from his bed to his writing
desk, and sight almost completely gone, he was
busily engaged in another work for Greece. He
received us with enthusiasm, and has given us eve-
ry assistance in his power; among others, he has
given us a letter with the following classic inscrip-
tion:—

πρὸς τὸν ἐπικρατοῦν Ὀδυσσεῖα εἰς Ἀθήνας.

These, with Mr. Warden, author of a work on
the United States, and formerly Consul to France,
General O'Connor, an expatriated Irishman, and a
worthy Scot, (who bears you this,) Mr. Carlyle,
translator of Goethe's Willem Meister, constitute

the circle of our acquaintance, and really without
them, Paris, for some time back, must have been
an intolerable "bore." Among such able hands,
my album of course thrives apace. The only man
who has refused!!! to contribute, is your extraor-
dinary countryman, the Rev. E. Irving, who, in
his usual pompously affected style, replied to my
request, "That it was long since he had given over
such 'trifles,' but that if there was any thing of
importance in which he could serve me, &c. &c.
he would be so happy—this, however, he begged
I would excuse."—Hem! I would not like to be
refused by another, but in Master Irving this was
characteristic.

I am sorry that it will not be in our power to vi-
sit Geneva at present, when the residence of Pic-
tet, Moulinet, Gaultier and Sismondi, to whom I
have letters, and the vicinity of Mont Blanc, Cha-
mouni, Ferney, Lausanne, &c. &c. must have ren-
dered a few days' delay delightful—but I hope, on
our return, we will be able to spend some time
there—at present, we hurry on to Italy. We shall
be a week, I expect, in Florence, another in Rome,
and from thence to Ancona, where we embark for
the Ionian Islands and Greece, which we shall not
reach before the latter end of December. My
leisure hours in Greece, shall be all devoted to li-
terature, to exertions in which my engagements with
the Magazines will be a strong incentive. I hope to
be able to furnish some interesting papers; at least if
they have not the advantage of polished style, they
will have another—that of first impressions. I have
ever found, that he who can give a faithful detail of
these, has ever made a more interesting book than
the man who has labored in stringing together a
tissue of remarks, the result of more matured ob-
servation. The notes of a travelling journal are
always more interesting than the studied details of
a polished narrative, because they contain those
ideas which will more readily strike a stranger, and
which a new visiter will more easily realize for
himself—in fact, the one is most usually a speci-
men of the tact of travelled connoisseurship—the
other, a picture drawn by a picturesque observer.

I was delighted to hear, from your letter to Ten-
nent, that Mrs. G— was quickly recovering, and
I trust that by this time, her health will be pretty
well restored. James is, I suppose, still in Scot-
land—I was sorry to learn that his health had been
bad, but the classic air of Ettrick has, I suppose,
renovated him ere this. I need scarcely say how
glad I should be to receive a letter from you. Ar-
buthnot or my mother can give you my direction,
and at the distance of Greece, such a document
must be doubly dear. My time is almost done, my
paper covered, and my writing becoming illegible,
I have little more to add, though much to say. Re-
member me to Mrs. G—, Agnes, Mary, Jannet,
and the boys,

And believe me, my dear sir,

Most affectionately yours,

JAMES EMERSON.

(For the Zodiac.)

ELEAZAR IN THE FORTRESS OF MASSADA.

Massada was precipitous and strongly fortified
height, overlooking the northern extremity of the
Dead Sea; to it the company of assassins retreated
after the taking of Jerusalem, and at last giving up
all expectation of success or escape, at the instiga-
tion of Eleazar, destroyed first their wives and
children, and then themselves.

And now can we welcome sweet peace to our breast,
While soiled is our banner and humbled our crest?

Whose hand is not snatching the sword from its sheath,
While he fixes his eye on the carnage beneath,
Far away from the ruin that round him is spread,
Would not soar to the land where their spirits are fled?

Can ye gratefully stoop for the conqueror's boon,
And sit down in your own shaded cottage at noon,
And survey with delight your fast ripening field,
The harvest your blood-fattened acres will yield?
Will ye drink of the brook that so lately has run
With the gore of your brother, your father, your son?

Go back and be happy—pay homage—pay tax—
By ready submission, his sternness relax:
But for me, I will go, though it may be alone,
To the land, to the home, I may still call my own.

To the land of my fathers—aye, brethren of yours—
Which the promise, the oath, of Jehovah ensures—
His people are vanquished—His city o'erthrown,
His temple in ruins—but firm is His throne.

1836.

S. E.

[From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.]

NO-CHILDED AND MANY-CHILDED.

One cannot well step over a threshold, without being able to distinguish whether it belong to a house of no children or of many children. There is a primness and neatness about the childless mansion, which is entirely wanting in the many-childed. From the steps outside the door, to the innermost penetralia, all is chill and cleanly decorum.—The severest duties of the lady consist in slight repairs of slight derangements of the domestic economy—the re-adjustment of ruffled crumb-cloths after morning calls, the replacing of table-covers after meals, or the removal, from half-worshipped chimney ornaments, of single particles of dust which "have no business there." If the house were something kept under a glass case, it could hardly preserve a more toy-like precision of outline, or a more perfect exemption from all disturbing circumstances. Everlasting silence reigns—or is broken only by sounds which otherwise would not be heard, such as the footfall of the solitary maid in a distant kitchen, or the flutter of the left wing of a favorite canary dipped into his water-glass. Every thing which tends to derangement or to noise is banished. Coal merchants are given up if their wares have the least propensity to either dust or cracking. The cat's infant family are regularly dismissed as soon as they can properly leave the maternal bosom. The visit of a friend's children is dreaded as a descent of caterans upon the peaceful Lennox was dreaded of old; and the damage which a few minutes of them will occasion, although imperceptible to ordinary eyes, is not repaired in less than half a day. In entering such a house, the mind is oppressed with a sense of awful propriety. The tyranny of unimpeachable cleanliness comes upon the heart like the breath of hyperborean gales. One feels like the dove of Noah, as if there were no place whereon to set one's foot. You pass awe-struck among the reflections of glittering furniture, and fear to offend chairs and sofas by sitting down upon them. The very coal-scuttle has a kind of touch-me-not air about it, while the neatly gilded brush beside the bell-pull seems to plume itself much more upon its service towards the ornamental than the useful.—Twenty years may have elapsed since the sitting up of the house; but every article still seems fresh from the shop of the upholsterer. The fine edge, the primeval shine, the Eden innocence of every thing, is still there.

In a domain thus sacred from disturbance and almost from use, the worthy couple are stuck up like statues in shrines. The lady sits in a perpetual accuracy of attire by window or by fire-side—sewing at one endless seam, or engaged upon some volume, from a circulating library which is on the point of declaring itself exhausted. Her husband occupies an opposite chair, like a companion picture, with perhaps the next ensuing volume of the novel. His feet are raised upon the fender; the light is properly arranged at his back; he is endued with slippers and gown, and knows no annoyance but that he has no annoyances. Their meals consist of little dishes not often changed—roasts so small as to have lost all sap, mutton chops, cutlets, and other fiddle-faddles. If they venture upon any ordinary dish, they have to sit down with cold mo-

notony for a week, which is not half elapsed till they wish that they could be conscientiously relieved from it, either by plunder or putrescence. The lady makes it her chief business to coddle the gentleman, and the gentleman makes it his chief business to take care of the lady. There is always one pair of his spare shoes perfectly dried by the side of the fire. In their hearts they pine beyond all that could be confessed for children, but invariably profess to themselves and to each other, that they infinitely prefer the serene comfort which they at present enjoy, and dread the trouble of rearing an infant.—They are nevertheless great theoretical educators. They perceive and discuss every fault in the upbringing of every child of every family of their acquaintance, describe one set of parents as too severe, another as too gentle, a third as having no system at all, and think how beautifully they could correct all the said errors, if they had any thing to say in the matter. In the meantime, while railing at their friend Mrs. Easy for spoiling Tom and Fanny, they assiduously pamper their own lapdog Pinch, till the little creature arrives at an aggravation of fat and mischief intolerable to all but themselves. When Mrs. Greenfield loses a child, and is absorbed in grief for the event, our worthy pair severely reprehend conduct so irrational, and are clear that no mother is justifiable in neglecting the comfort of the living out of grief for the dead. Next week Pinch dies, and so great are the distress and derangement which follow, that for three days the gentleman has to wear unaided slippers, and the lady thinks of a jaunt to Paris, as the only means of recovering her spirits.

Very different is the abode of the many-childed. If the tale is not told by a group of merry little faces in the doorway, it is pretty broadly hinted when you fall over a tiny wheelbarrow which has been left in the lobby. Should no such danger lurk in your path, you are sure, before advancing many steps, to see some trait of the presence of childhood—a parallelogram of corks designed to represent a house, with a doll seated in it, a thrown away crust, or possibly a single marble—a small object, no doubt, but one quite sufficient to establish the distinction, for long would it be ere such a thing could be seen in the house of the no-childed. There are of course mansions in which the younger members of the family are kept too much apart to allow of such palpable symptoms of their existence in the very entrance—though, even in these, a shoe will sometimes be dropped through the staircase to lie upon the wax-cloth below, a sufficiently conspicuous betrayal of the state of matters in the upper floor; or an occasional burst of wild joy or equally wild grief will tell through the whole house, and perhaps to a certain extent beyond it, that young human beings are there. There are differences, also, in the degrees of freedom allowed to those families which are allowed to escape from nursery domination. A little fellow one day said complainingly to his mamma, "This is not a nice house: in Sam's we can cut the sofas and pull out the hair; but here we can't get any fun at all." Mamma, in this case, had been something strict in her discipline: the state of matters in Sam's may be imagined. But in general there is something in children which defies the best regulations. They cannot move, breathe, or look, without doing mischief.—Orders flies before their faces; ruin follows their steps. In the average of houses, symptoms of their existence may be seen upon the walls, the floor, every article of furniture—the whole, after a few years, acquire a kind of dimness, as if of over-handling. All is rough and round. Instead of the everlasting neatness and unimpeachable cleanliness of the no-childed mansion, the utmost that can be expected is a temporary and partial good order—confined perhaps to a single room and for an hour at a time—a gallant but unavailing rally against the prevailing influences. It is usually at an early period of the forenoon that the domestic powers thus make head against the enemy. At any later period all is in vain. The fairest provinces of the empire are overrun by the Vandalian invasion, and before evening there is a detritus of ruin in every corner, composed of broken toys, sofa pillows, footstools, and all other things capable of being moved or destroyed. Every house is of course no-childed before it is many-childed. Every lady has to look back upon a period when she delighted in having things neat about her. She had then centinelled her vestibule with handsome statues, had vases placed upon the ground, and bijouterie strewn upon the tables. But in time all this was seen to be

mere vanity and vexation. She became aware that there was a kind of browsing line, beneath which no small article was safe. She came to wish that even the chairs could be hung high along the walls, as in an upholsterer's ware-room, in order that they might be out of harm's way. Like a belle walking home from a gay party in a midnight storm, she has now reefed in every prominent finery, and is content to scud along through existence the best way she can. Little more than the wreck of the former self of the house remains, and her only hope is, that, when this pitiless pelting is over, she may prevail upon Mr. Balderstone to furnish anew, so that they may spend their latter days in the same agreeable circumstances which they knew at the outset.

Yet even now it is with no shade of discontent that either of the worthy pair regard the wreck and ruin produced by their children. While full of affected querulousness respecting the noise, the confusion, and the mischief, they secretly sympathise in that very excess of youthful vitality which leads to all that they complain of. To be besieged, climbed, kissed, and torn to pieces by the wildest and most riotous of young rogues—to be sprawled over by unreflecting little misses—to see the whole parlor put into disorder by blind-man's-buff—are miseries which Mr. and Mrs. Balderstone endure with the greatest possible satisfaction. In early morn the chatter of little voices is heard breaking the silence of night, and the primeval parents of the human race could not have more enjoyed the first burst of the feathered orchestra of Paradise, than do our pair enjoy those sounds, which tell them that God has vouchsafed to their darlings a new day of health. From that time there is not a minute throughout the whole day that can properly be called quiet; but what although it be so? The voices of children, in general, speak either of happiness which it is delightful to contemplate, or of woes which it is delightful to soothe. Little reason is there to pity the mother who spends her day chiefly in the midst of her blooming and playful progeny. At length comes shut of eve, which, in sweeping all away to their dreamless pillows, and reducing the house once more to silence, leaves room for a doubt whether, by its peace, it has brought a relief or taken away a pleasure.

As the youngsters advance in age, the house assumes characteristics somewhat different. You may no longer, in opening a sideboard drawer in the dark for a knife or a spoon, find your fingers entangled in the more of a wooden horse minus the trunk and legs: but you will perhaps find your most valued books scribbled with drawings and scraps of school knowledge, and be obliged to give up a dressing-room that it may serve for a study to the boys. Then is the time for back-greens being stocked with rabbits, and piano-fortes spoiled by drumming misses. If, when the eldest begin to verge upon maturity, there should be others at all the inferior stages of existence, how vast a system does the household become! The young men bring their friends, as they call them, and the young ladies bring their boarding-school companions. Boys of ten bring boys of ten, and even misses of four and five have similar misses introduced from next door to play with them. It is a great era when Master Thomas or Miss Eliza can venture to descend with these acquaintances from frowsy back rooms, where hitherto they have observed a modest obscurity, to the full blaze of the dining-room, where father and mother sit in state. Happy, in this respect, are the eldest of the family. There is a kind of eagerness on the part of parents to receive their first-born into the pale of manhood and womanhood. It awakens a new feeling in the parental bosom. Accordingly the intrusion of a few dashing young beaus and smart school misses is rather liked than otherwise. But when the younger branches grow up, they not only want the advantage of this novel feeling on the part of their parents, but have a fight with their elder brothers and sisters to establish their claim to adolescence. When far past the age at which the eldest were treated as men and women, they are still considered as mere boys and girls.—Their pretensions to long-skirted coats and proper young-lady-like dresses are scouted, and the friends brought by them to the house are condemned to the upper bed-rooms, although in reality better people than those who some time ago were admitted to the honors of the parlor. The struggle which second and third children have to go through, before they are accepted as men and women by the first, is worse than a family dispute for the throne of Turkey. We have known such persons fully three-

and-twenty ere they managed the point, by which time they had for several years been invested with the toga by all the rest of the world. Till that time the eldest son monopolises the attention of father, mother, and domestics, while the juniors are left to content themselves with little more than a negative permission to exist. The eldest daughter is equally sure to have a better shawl than any of her sisters, who, if they can obtain a reversion of hers before it is much worn, usually think themselves extremely well off. The drama of Cinderella is one which is enacted in a more or less complete form in every large family.

To rear a numerous progeny through all the various stages, and finally set them forward in life, is unquestionably a task of considerable difficulty, and attended with no small degree of anxiety. Yet, if circumstances be not singularly unfavorable, so as to produce real trouble and sorrow, there can be no doubt that the effect of such a duty upon the mind is highly beneficial. The domestic relations are of immense importance in developing and keeping awake the affections. We can scarcely be afflicted with hardness of heart towards any benign sentiment, if we have known what it was to be brother, husband, and father. Women are peculiarly liable to be improved in general humanity by having children. When a mother of young infants passes a little child which has been left neglected upon the street, she cannot rest till she has seen it attended to; the no-childed would have never remarked the circumstance. When the mother of a set of roistering boys passes a merry group of the same order, she is almost sorry that decorum will not allow her to linger beside them, to survey their sports, and bless them with a mother's blessing.—If, advanced in life, she has seen some of her sons leave her for distant climes, should her path be crossed by the homeless vagrant, who looks, but does not speak, a petition, she thinks that there may have been, or still may be, some one to whom he is as interesting as her own child is to her—or that her own child may one day appear to some other mother as this wretch now appears to her—and she extends to him the hand of melting charity. Thus does Nature, by an abundant flow of her finest sensations, remunerate those whom she has called upon to perform what many calculating people would consider a disproportionate share of her duties.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forg'd; it's at a white heat now;
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smith's ranking round,
All clad in earthen panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below;
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throes;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The root-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery grow—
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, the sledges go:
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the swelting fountains flow;
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor; a bower, thick and broad:
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road,

The low reef roaring on her lee; the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the boats stove at the chains;
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing on your strokes in order; let foot and hand keep time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped:
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoag monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now,
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a befitting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaids; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cembean sands.

O, broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave;
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand,
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father land—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!
FERGUSON.

LOUIS PHILIPPE—KING OF THE FRENCH.

Concluded.

In my last, I spoke of the loss of his moral strength with the French people. Would the reasoning Frenchmen fight for Louis Philippe, or the preservation of his civic crown? Foolish thought! He is neither popular nor beloved, and the immense majority of the French people begin to compare the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. with this new dynasty, and regret the change during the administration of the two first; the liberty of the press was much greater than now, where it is an absolute nullity.

The liberty of individuals was much more respected than now, no police officer, no gendarme, no municipal guard dared to enter the house of a citizen but when duly and expressly authorized, when now these same men break into the houses of peaceable inhabitants, and fall sword in hand upon them, and commit the most cruel excesses unpunished, under the pretence of a conspiracy or plot, which as various events have proved, were but the offspring of the police itself! What cruelties and horrid deeds have not been committed in Lyons, Grenoble, Metz and Paris, namely, at the funerals of General Lamarque, which could have been easily suppressed by a timely and patient firmness and prudence. What are we now to say about the ridiculous law which defends, under heavy penalties, the assembling of four or more friends to talk in the street about indifferent matters? Is this not a convincing proof how weak this civic king feels himself seated upon his tottering throne! When last he went to open the new chambers, were there not more than fifty thousand armed men to form a double and triple line from the Tuileries to the chambers? were there not besides more than thousands of police officers secretly placed at certain distances behind these troops? And more, have not all these houses which lay in his way been scrupulously searched the night before, and its inhabitants treated with the utmost brutality, and many among them arrested and put in prison upon a mere suspicion of one of these police officers? Are these not facts, which never can nor will be forgotten by the inhabitants of Paris? The tyranny is still greater in the departments. Can these harsh measures gain the affections and love of this new ruler? Will Louis Philippe put the French to the same measures as the Nero of the north does with his half savage Russians? Will Louis Philippe force an enlightened Frenchman to speak and write and print his thoughts like the barbarian Nicholas? Thus all his laws against the freedom of the press and the institution of numerous censors, are as ridiculous as the defence that three and more friends should meet and talk together.

For what then would the Frenchmen fight? For a republic which could guarantee them their rights and freedom? No, this would be another folly. A republic in France is one of these chimeras impossible to give happiness, stability and freedom to its inhabitants. It is, as I have proved twenty years ago, as impossible as to establish a solid, sound republican government in all those so-called Spanish republics in the new world. The habits, manners, customs, prejudices, in fine, the French character, as well as the Spanish, can never be amalgamated to the severe and submissive obedience to wise and moderate laws. For France, Spain and its free colonies, can never prosper under any pure republican government. Until generations have passed away, and a sound principle be established in their education and their religion, we shall and

can never expect any solid and happy *republic* established in any of these beautiful countries.

The moral strength being thus weakened, let us examine what Louis Philippe has lost in regard of his physical strength. The separation of Belgium, its four millions of inhabitants, with its chain of fortresses, is lost to him, as the Belgians are very sick of their dear king Leopold, and the latter is far less assured of the kind attachment of his beloved subjects!

Thus the boundaries of France are open to any foreign invasion at the north. Poland, the only barrier of civilization against the invasion of barbarians, has bled for France, and its machiavelic government. No one better than general count Guilleminot, the ex-ambassador of Louis Philippe, at Constantinople, could confirm the positive fact of what I state here. As soon as the king received by the telegraph, the news of the arrival of Gen. Guilleminot at Marseilles, where he was obliged to remain for the quarantine, he despatched secretly the then minister of foreign affairs, Gen. Sebastiani towards Guilleminot. The minister did all that was in his power to persuade the latter to deliver him the secret orders of the cabinet of the Tuileries sent to Guilleminot when at Constantinople. It appears that he had been bribed; and although still the possessor of said documents, not a word of them has been published!

In Spain, a revolution, bloody and destructive, has begun; the constitution of 1812 is reclaimed, but its result will be disastrous for its inhabitants; it opens the door and gives a plausible pretence to the holy alliance to force Don Carlos upon the Spanish throne, and with him the reign of the monks and obscurantism. Louis Philippe, by his hesitating policy, has forfeited the confidence of the liberal party in Spain, as well as of Italy, Germany and Poland, where his name alone is pronounced with execration. He thus finds himself isolated, despised, hated by his fellow-citizens, who were his natural and powerful supporters, and on the eve of an invasion from Russia, Austria and Prussia, assisted by Holland, and what then of him?

Louis Philippe, by his law against associations and the press, has irrevocably declared openly to be the enemy of the revolutionary party in France. The immense works to fortify the château of Vincennes, at which many thousands have worked during five years, are not yet finished, and are declared, with its batteries of more than four hundred cannons, to be impregnable. This work, not daring to surround Paris with more forts, as was his secret intention, has excited a general murmur throughout Paris, which has been continued by his numerous police officers, municipal guards and besides a garrison of *fifty thousand troops of the line*, departed to their barracks throughout the twelve great arrondissements, in which the city of Paris is divided. Thus he has by this measure also alienated at least the nine-tenth part of the inhabitants of this large capital. And what kind of friends has he in the departments? How do they like him for his grape-shots and bayonets at Lyons, Grenoble, Metz, Paris and elsewhere. The dungeons and prisons are overfilled; more than ten thousand unhappy beings are daily exposed to infamous and barbarous treatment of their jailers only in Paris. Their number in the departments has not been ascertained, but is certainly not small.

What kind of friends has he then? Is it the Bankers Rothschilds, the German golden calf? Surely not; he would, like all those of his class, (except

James Lafitte,) give to Louis Philippe the same hearty *good boy!* as he did to Bonaparte, Louis and Charles. These men have neither blood nor soul, but a yellow one!

Let us search then a little closer amongst those who approach him daily, viz: amongst his ministers. His premier or president of the council of ministers, the *Duke de Broglie*, dislikes Louis Philippe secretly, as he is not much liked by his master, who, as is said, thinks earnestly to remove him soon, and to place Marshal Soult in his place.*

But surely *Guizot* and *Thiers* are his sincere friends. Yes, they are so as long as their lucrative places are not taken from them, as they never have been the friends of anybody else than their own selves. Of General *Maison*, made marshal after his expedition into the Morea, the present minister of war, it is very doubtful if he *can* be sincerely attached to a person, whose principles are in diametrical opposition with his own. The keeper of the seal, minister of justice, *Persil*, the spy and vile instrument of the king, is too generally hated and despised by every honest man, as to be of any consequence, should he or not be a friend to the king. *Humann*, the minister of finances, is a mere calculating machine, and *Thiers*, the humble servant of the Jewish banker, Rothchild, with his Portuguese order of Christ.

The two ex-ministers and ex-presidents of the council, *Marshal Soult* and *Gerard*, are two men of influence of a very different character. Both are undoubtedly skilful and brave soldiers, but none of them able and skilful statesmen. Soult is a rapacious, ambitious courtier, who now visits and courts Louis Philippe, in the hope of being again named president of the council and minister of war, and as such to add to his already large fortune, 200,000 livres a year more.

We must, nevertheless, be just and impartial, and say that Louis Philippe has done for the great majority of the French people all that in his critical position could justly have been expected. The great experience of the French revolution has taught him, that France will and can never flourish, never remain quiet, never be administered as a republic. It would soon be torn in pieces by a legion of factious men, who, as in 1792, '93 up to 1800, excited the mob in order to satisfy their ambitious and selfish views. The finances, the commerce, manufactures, fabrics, and every branch of industry in France are in a flourishing state, and he has succeeded by his condescending, pliant and very dexterous diplomatical negotiations to preserve peace throughout the world, and to spare the shedding of human blood. The voyage made to London by the Duke of Orleans, was a secret political mission, to sound the true intentions of the British ministry, its means and strength. The volcanic state of this kingdom, and the interior dissatisfaction which reigned throughout Ireland, combined with the great national debt, soon convinced him that England was not able to support his royal father in a general war, which he, (Louis Philippe,) flattered himself secretly to declare against Russia, which once begun, would have carried Prussia and Austria against France. He altered, therefore, his political course, and has recently sent the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours to Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Nicholas, informed of their voyage, sent a courier to the two brothers, with a very polite letter, to favor him with their presence in his capital. As this is perfectly in accordance with the father's secret

views, they will accept the invitation, and as the old prince de Talleyrand is to accompany them, all diplomatic difficulties will be smoothed, and the preservation of peace may be the result of this voyage. And this once attained, he can draw his whole attention upon the interior of France, and tyrannize as before its unhappy inhabitants, at his *bon plaisir!*

This tyranny is, nevertheless, not to be attributed so much to his good heart, as to his fear that in granting a general amnesty to so many exalted men, they might resuscitate new troubles in the interior of France! But shows this not weakness and very little confidence in his own strength and in his popularity? If his administration had been fair, just and upright, he would have had the immense majority in his favor, and would have nothing to fear from this handful of political opposers, as well as from the prisoners of Ham and the freedom of the press. It is a pity then to see Louis Philippe not so as he ought to be, and as it was desired and expected he could and should have been.

A SERIES OF LECTURES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DELIVERED BY REQUEST BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, BY S. DE WITT BLOODGOOD.

LECTURE V.

In the last lecture, we had approached the revolutionary period, when, in the magnitude of a nation's interests, all minor considerations began to be merged, our literature to be characterized by its connection with politics, and when the wise, the eloquent and poetical, made it the medium of patriotic sentiments, an auxiliary to their struggles for the rights of man. Our revolution was marked in an especial manner, by the ability displayed in the public documents, and by the masses of argument, piled up openly, before the enemies of freedom, which with all their sophistry they could never beat down.

Revolutions are not often the projects of tyranny. Tyranny has sometimes availed herself of popular commotions, to rivet still more firmly the chain, whose galling weight excited them. They are not often caused by a desire to retard the progress of human knowledge, or restrict the public interests. So far are they from this, that they are almost universally marked by a clear intention to improve the human condition. If the struggles of the gallant and brave have not always been followed by a happy termination, the fault lies with those for whom the contest was waged—in the fickleness of a disposition which delighted in novelty only, or in ignorance of the value of the blessings offered to their acceptance. Our own was guided by master spirits—men above the selfishness of personal views, for most of them, after a career of glory, left nothing to their descendants but their names! The people were intelligent, and in a succession of local conflicts with those who had abused their authority, had become acquainted with their own condition, and conversant with their own rights. When the ball of revolution was tossed towards them, they caught it firmly in their hands, they did not permit it to roll past them to be gazed at and forgotten.—If the revolutions of Poland, of Sweden, of England, of France, have not produced such results as their projectors anticipated, it is our pride, it is our boast, that ours, a mental, moral, and religious effort, did not terminate in anarchy, or cease to be available when those who bared their bosoms to the bayonet were no more. The people had intelligence. Their champions were men of science and

* This article was written in May.

learning. In them literature had its advocates, religion its supporters, and liberty its truest friends. Can we love their memory too dearly, or venerate their services too much. If their statues do not crowd our public halls, they hold the first places in our hearts. The proudest effort of art could not add to the interest of that grassy tomb where the father of his country reposes.

"Green sods
Are all their monument, and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillar'd piles
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them in the pride
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones.
They need
No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home!"

We cannot look back to the events of those days, without at once recognising the claims of such a man as Samuel Adams—one of the greatest and purest of his cotemporary patriots. He was born in 1722 and graduated at Harvard in 1740. One of the first occasions in which he distinguished himself, was at a debating society. Many an eminent patriot in this country can date his influence from a similar cultivation of the art of public speaking.—On this occasion the question was discussed, whether it is lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the common wealth cannot otherwise be preserved. He maintained the affirmative, in a bold, vehement, and argumentative style, which at once proclaimed the ardor of his patriotism, and the power of his intellect. It was the beginning of a career, which every succeeding event seemed only to render more illustrious. The people gave him their confidence and affection. They saw him repel the seductions of the crown, to become *their* advocate and defender. From that moment they gave him their hearts—they carried him on the palms of their hands.

The annals of New-England speak warmly of this eminent man. His great talents, his wit, his powers of reasoning, and his attention to business, gave him a measureless influence. As soon as his character was appreciated, the English ministry attempted to gain him over, by the offer of a lucrative post. But the agent, Governor Hutchinson, who made the attempt upon his integrity, wrote his employers word, that Samuel Adams was a person not to be gained "by any office or gift whatever." His writings were numerous, but unfortunately have never been collected. They were of a kind to have thrown a strong light upon the occurrences of the day. The topics which he most loved to discuss were the laws and manners of New-England, British slavery, and the importance of common schools.

As a proof of the purity of his principles, it may be mentioned, that after his unwearied exertions for his country, and a life of unbounded honor and usefulness, his would have been a burial by the hand of public charity, had not a most unexpected event occurred, which enabled this American patriarch, to purchase for himself, with his own money, an undisputed grave.

Two other persons, eminently literary, and of the same school, who were also illustrious in their lives, and by a singular providence, in their deaths were not divided, claim our attention in this sketch of American literature. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were extraordinary men.

The former was born at Braintree, in the year 1735, and during his study of the legal profession, supported himself by teaching the languages, which he had acquired at Harvard. Some of our ablest

men have in a similar manner sustained themselves in their youth, and to their honor be it spoken, they have always shewn a disposition to advance the cause of education in after life.

After his admission to the bar in 1764, he published an Essay on Canon and Feudal law, which was republished in London in 1768, and in Philadelphia in 1783. It appeared first in a newspaper; its popularity was excessive, and being an anonymous publication, was, for its research, attributed to the pen of the attorney-general of the province. It was pronounced in England to be one of the finest productions of North America. We may be allowed to express our regrets that it is not more familiar to American students, although in consequence of the practical character of the studies now pursued in our academic institutions, the information to be derived from the essay is become comparatively familiar. None but a scholar could have written it, although its object was entirely political. It was intended to destroy the blind veneration existing among the people, for the old systems of Europe, and those of England in particular. In the latter, time had sanctioned, and perhaps still sanctions the heaviest oppressions of the people, to sustain the aristocratic classes, who are destined, whether they possess merit or not, to office, honor and legislative power. Antiquity, with its numerous claims to veneration, has there extended itself like the Banyan tree, while those not permitted to partake of its fruit or its shade, see the soil that barely sustains themselves, exhausted by innumerable shoots and branches, appropriating every inch of ground where they have once taken root! Mr. Adams, with his pen, overthrew this idol of the ignorant. In 1765, his abilities, like those of his name-sake, attracted the attention of the British government. A lucrative office was placed within his reach, which he refused. He too was incorruptible, or we might now have remained the vassals of a power, regarding man as a machine, his claims to liberty as a dream, and this vast continent the rightful appendage of a small island.

In 1769, he was chosen, together with the lamented Warren and Mr. Dana, a committee from the town of Boston, to draw up instructions to the state legislature, to resist British encroachments. While they were deliberating, an armed force surrounded the town; regiments and ships of war were stationed in the most advantageous positions, to overawe the citizens. Cannon were pointed at the door of the building where they were in session, and the agents of the British government never appeared more irritated or seemed more resolute on immediate vengeance. The committee never faulted. The grey goose quill of Mr. Adams did its duty. The instructions were drawn, published, and read! Their effect was marvellous; the cannon were returned to their quiet embrasures, the ships weighed anchor and stood out to sea. The troops marched back to their barracks. The power of one mind, the logic of one brain, the warmth of one bosom, was more than a match for all the physical force of the invaders.

Mr. Adams afterwards distinguished himself by a series of able essays in the Boston Gazette, on the subject of the independence of the judiciary.—They had a marked effect upon this much agitated question. When in the course of events the revolution commenced, he was besought by an intimate friend in the interest of the crown, Judge Sewall, not to commit himself in the approaching struggle. His memorable answer was, "The die is cast. I have passed the Rubicon. Sink or swim, live or

die, survive or perish with my country, is now my determination."

In the Continental Congress he was a most important member, and was one of the celebrated committee appointed to draft the declaration of independence. To Jefferson the honor of its authorship belongs; but he gave to his colleague no more than his just praise, when he termed him "the Colossus of that Congress, not graceful, not eloquent, but always fluent in his public addresses, and coming out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved his hearers from their seats." To be the Colossus of such a congress, was no mean praise. Of that assembly, Lord Chatham said, though "he had studied and admired the free states of antiquity, no body of men could bear away the palm from them, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion." Having been an active member of ninety committees, and chairman of twenty-five, he was sent to France, in 1777, in the place of Mr. Deane. On his return, in 1779, he assisted in drafting a constitution for Massachusetts. And here we may see the superiority of our American statesmen, in all such attempts.—While the schemes of Locke and Penn were, in most things, found impracticable, the plans of our native political writers were ever based upon common sense principles, their designs were for the general good, and they were found reducible to practice. This production of Mr. Adams was remarkable for its recognition of the obligations of the state to patronise literature and the arts, and to extend the blessings of education to its citizens. He was again sent abroad in the service of his country, and after some interesting incidents of quite a romantic character, reached Paris, where his diplomatic career was no less brilliant than useful.—From thence he proceeded to Holland to negotiate a loan and a treaty of amity and commerce. When he arrived there, he found the people of that country quite ignorant of America, the right of the controversy, its condition and its prospects. It must be remembered, that the connection between the Dutch nation and their transatlantic colonies had long ceased. Mr. Adams again entered the field of letters. He commenced a series of publications in the Leyden Gazette, a celebrated periodical, and in *Le Politique Hollandois*. In one series of twenty-six letters, addressed to a distinguished jurist of Amsterdam, he drew a picture of his own country, which roused the attention of the Netherlands. By its masterly style, its fine analogies to their own struggles for freedom, and its unanswerable arguments in favor of the policy of advocating our cause, it induced them to become warmly interested in our success, and lead the van of Europe to our recognition. As the Dutch were a learned people, skilled in the fine arts, acquainted intimately with national law, it was a fortunate circumstance that such a man as Mr. Adams was entrusted with the duty of conciliating and convincing them. A mere man of business, a clerk of a bureau, accustomed ever so much to the routine of diplomacy, would have made but a sorry figure among the countrymen of Grotius, of Boerhave and of Rembrandt. It required the talent of persuasion and of argument, supported by the profoundest knowledge of the past and the clearest comprehension of the future. After the peace, which he assisted in bringing about, he went to England, and while there, published his famous defence of the American constitution. This work, though hastily written, was a masterly performance. It was intended as a reply to the opinions and criticisms of Turgot,

Dr. Price, and others, upon the American theory of government. He afterwards published Discourses on Davila, in 1790, and after filling the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, withdrew to private life, and the cultivation of letters.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(Never before published.)

NAPOLEON AND BERNADOTTE.—NO. II.

Meanwhile Bernadotte, being in the midst of his great and active exertions to put his new army in a respectable situation, was highly pleased with the zeal and readiness with which his general and staff officers assisted him to organize and form his new corps. He insisted, a few days after my arrival from Schonbrunn, that I should accept the office of *Inspector-general des revues*, and sent me to the island of Bommel to organize there a corps of 5,000 national guards and gendarmerie. I have stated elsewhere, that I served as a volunteer, and although not a born Frenchman, I was, since my fourth year, educated in France, rich, and greatly attached to the military art; I had accepted neither salary nor title whatever, wishing absolutely to remain independent, and to acknowledge no *mastership* upon my actions, and far less upon my writings or my tongue. This was generally known throughout the army, and when Napoleon had, in 1800, admitted me in his particular staff, the then minister of war, major-general of his consular staff, to whom I had frankly communicated my wishes, spoke to the consul Bonaparte about it, and finding this request, so singular, that he not only granted my request, but received me at my first audience, when I, with my other companions, were presented to him with so much distinction, as I have stated elsewhere. From this time he continued to treat me with great kindness, and whatever his spies reported him of my often strong conversations and opinions in regard to his policy, he would say, "Oh, well, well, I know him, I know him—let him speak!"

Thus then I found myself in a very happy and independent situation, which made me soon welcome, and facilitated me every means of access into the highest circles at court at Paris and in the army.—These different schools, and my long travels and arduous studies, have been very useful to me in every regard in the sharp observation of mankind, as well as particularly in the adoption of the application of a *practical and true philosophy of life*, by which I find myself in my old age happy and contented in the narrow circle of my family, my children, and some few good and chosen friends.

Before I departed for my mission, I dined with Bernadotte, whose spirited wife had arrived a few days before, and spent a very merry day and evening with them. Bernadotte, after dinner, was speaking with Gen. Klein and me of various changes which he intended to make in his army, as he said, and was in high spirits. But curious to mention, he approached, while speaking with us, to a large looking-glass, which was upon the mantle-piece, adjusted his cravat, pulled his few hairs upon his bald forehead, and adjusted afterwards some buttons at his uniform and his pantaloons. These curious manœuvres were a second habit in him. He did so when I was at Hamburg, Hanover and Barten with him, and he was the same in Antwerp.

Vain, proud, and very passionate, he nevertheless came quickly to himself, was frank, open, a great strategist and general, and above all a strict observer of military discipline, humane and honest. He and Macdonald were the poorest marshals of France. Bernadotte was in proportion much richer than the latter, as having, like Joseph and Suchet, married the daughter of Mr. Clary, a wealthy merchant at Marseilles, at a time when all three were in humble and subaltern stations.

When I returned from my mission, I found a great change at Antwerp, still the head-quarters of the Prince de Ponte Corvo. He looked gloomy and even dejected, and in entering his private cabinet I saw him leaning in his arm-chair, a letter in his hand. He received me with his usual kindness, with these words: "I am very sorry, sir, to announce to you that we are to be separated very soon. Bessières will arrive in eight days and take the command of my fine army, for which I have done so much; Gen. d'Harstrel has already taken the office of major general, and in order to recompense my excellent friend and former major-general Rostolan, I have sent him as governor at Brussels, but God knows if he will stay long there; then it may cross the mind of this Corsican, who dislikes Rostolan as being my best friend, to send one of his favorites in his place, and put him again on half pay," &c. &c.

After having talked a great while, he sprang up and said, "come, come my friend, my wife (ma femme) will be happy to see you, let us go down." We found there some company, and I was detained to dine with them. The guests were few, and the conversation far of that of the dinner party before my departure. There reigned a certain constraint and stiffness on the part of some miserable courtiers, who saw in Bernadotte already the disgraced commander, as also on the part of the prince and his lively and polite partner. I saw clearly that their dejection and secret malcontent pierced through the grand efforts made to appear as usual.

Four days afterwards, Bessières arrived with a brilliant retinue, and as he was commander of the cavalry of the imperial guard, he had many officers of these different corps, who had accompanied him on leave. As this marshal was in high favor at court, he aped much the abrupt and haughty manners of his master, and during the few days of Bernadotte's stay at Antwerp, I observed a great coldness between them and their friends. As many of the officers of the guard were of a haughty and arrogant character, there unhappily existed many disputes which ended in bloody duels. It was the same case with these officers of the guards and those of the navy, and Admiral Missiessi was obliged, at various occasions, to keep the numerous officers of his fleet on board to avoid further bloodshed.

This admiral, a great courtier, invited Marshal Bessières, the second day of his arrival, and whilst the Prince of Ponte Corvo was still at Antwerp, on board of his fine ship, and gave him a splendid dinner, whilst the table of Bernadotte was quite deserted. But, *ainsi va la monde!*

THE BEGGAR AT THE BARRIER DE PASSY.

[From the French.]

Many years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend the Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day of the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages to my mother's house. When I happened to be too early for the diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passy, where, in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle without inquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly because I had got into the habit of doing so, and partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the diligence, I found Anthony at his usual post, exerting his lungs, and bawling incessantly his accustomed form of petition—"For the love of heaven bestow yours alms on a poor man—Messieurs, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received."

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his

exclamations into the ears of every one who came within the reach of his voice, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance joined me. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, was very well dressed, and it might be seen at a glance that he was a man in good circumstances. Here was a fit subject for the beggar, who quickly made his advances, proclaiming in a loud voice his poverty, and soliciting relief. "You need not be a beggar unless you please," replied the gentleman, "when you can have an income of ten thousand crowns." "You are pleased to jest, sir," answered Anthony. "By no means," said the gentleman; "I never was more serious in my life. Listen to me, my friend. You perceive that I am well dressed, and I tell you that I have every thing that a reasonable man need desire." "Ah! sir, you are a fortunate man." "Well, but, my friend, I would not have been so if I had sat and begged as you are doing." "I have no other means of gaining my living." "Are you lame?" "No, sir." "You are not blind, or deaf, and you certainly are not dumb, as every passer-by can testify. Listen: I shall tell you my history in a few words. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, I was a beggar like yourself; at length I began to see that it was very disgraceful to live on the bounty of others, and I resolved to abandon this shameful way of life as soon as I possibly could. I quitted Paris—I went into the provinces—I begged for old rags. The people were very kind to me, and in a short time I returned to Paris with a tolerably large bundle of rags of every description. I carried them to a paper-maker, who bought them at a fair price. I went on collecting, until to my great joy my finances enabled me to purchase rags, so that I was no longer forced to beg for them. At length, by diligence and industry, I became rich enough to buy an ass with two panniers, and this saved me both time and labor. My business increased, the paper-makers found that I dealt honestly by them; I never palmed off bad rags for good ones; I prospered, and see the result—in place of being a poor despised beggar, I have ten thousand crowns a-year, and two houses in one of the best streets in Paris. If, then, my friend, you can do no better, begin as a rag merchant, and here," he continued, "is a crown to set you up in your new trade; it is more than I had; and in addition, please take notice, that if I find you here another Sunday, I shall report you to the police." On saying this, the old gentleman walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in a state of great surprise. Indeed, the beggar had been so much interested in the history he heard, that he stood with open mouth and eyes in mute astonishment, nor had he even power to solicit alms from two well-dressed ladies who passed at that moment. I could not help being struck with the story, but I had no time to comment on it, as the diligence had arrived, in which I seated myself, and pursued my way. From that period I lost sight of the beggar; whether the fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining ten thousand crowns a-year, had wrought the change, I was not aware; it is sufficient to say, that from that day forward he was never seen at the Barrier.

Many years after, it happened that business called me to Tours. In strolling through the city I stepped into a bookseller's shop to purchase a new work that had made some noise. I found there four young men, all busily employed, while a stout good-looking man was giving them orders, as he walked up and down with an air of importance. I thought I had seen the face of the bookseller before, but where, I could not for the moment tell, until he spoke, and then I discovered him to be my old friend Anthony. The recognition was mutual; he grasped my hand, and led me through his shop into a well-furnished parlor; he lavished every kindness on me; and, finally, gave me his history from the time we parted at the Barrier. With the crown of the stranger he began, as he had advised him, to collect rags; he made money; became the partner of a paper-manufacturer; married his daughter; in short, his hopes were fulfilled; his ambition gratified, and he could now count his income at ten thousand crowns. He prayed every day for blessings on his benefactor, who had been the means of raising him from the degraded condition of a common beggar. Anthony is so convinced of the evil and sin of idleness, and of subsisting on the alms of others, that, while liberal and kind to those who are willing to work, no entreaties, no supplications, ever prevailed on him to bestow a single sous on those who would not help themselves.

* See Knickerbocker, October, 1834, article, "Secret Police of Bonaparte."

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR MAY, 1836, KEPT AT THE ALBANY ACADEMY.

Days Mo.	MORNING.			EVENING.			THERMOMETER.				WINDS.			WEATHER.		Rain Gauge.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Dew Point.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Dew Point.	6 1/2 A.M.	3 P.M.	9 P.M.	Mean.	8 A.M.	Noon.	10 P.M.	Morning.	Evening.		
1	30.37	59°	48°	30.14	63°	50°	44	76	59	61.33	SE	SW	SW	Clear.	Clear.		Corona round moon.
2	30.05	61.	55.	29.83	68.	65.	54	74	64	65.00	SSW	S	WSW	do	do	0.48	Rain at night, thunder.
3	29.82	69.	60.	29.70	69.50	65.	60	80	64	66.00	NW	NW	NW	do	do		
4	29.97	60.50	42.	30.05	60.25	39.	48	62	49	51.67	NW	WNW	WNW	do	do	0.19	Rain at night.
5	30.19	59.	33.	30.11	61.75	38.	40	70	50	53.50	ENE	ENE	ENE	do	do		
6	20.22	58.50	33.	29.97	64.	47.	41	61	63	55.00	SW	S	S	do	do		
7	29.97	60.	55.	29.845	60.25	57.	41	62	58	54.50	SSW	S	SSW	Cloudy.	Cloudy.		
8	30.11	58.50	30.	30.06	58.	29.	46	64	44	50.00	NNE	NNW	NE	Clear.	Clear.	0.18	Rain. Brilliant aurora.
9	30.27	60.	23.	30.20	61.50	31.	38	70	56	56.33	ENE	N	WNW	do	do		Aurora.
10	30.31	62.	39.	30.14	66.	44.	48	82	62	64.00	SSE	SSE	S	do	do		
11	30.12	62.	47.	29.96	70.	48.	48	85	66	68.00	SSW	S	S	do	do		
12	29.88	64.50	49.	29.625	72.	58.	58	84	68	70.17	SSW	SSW	SSW	do	do		
13	29.86	51.	40.	30.09	52.50	28.	59	49	38	44.50	N	NE	NE	Cloudy.	do	0.08	Rain.
14	30.435	52.	27.	30.31	56.50	27.	34	65	50	51.83	WNW	NE	SW	Clear.	do		
15	30.335	54.	44.	30.17	62.50	40.	47	72	56	59.50	S	S	S	do	do		
16	30.11	59.	50.	29.89	70.	62.	54	83	72	71.33	S	SW	SW	do	do		
17	30.02	67.	59.	29.975	71.	56.	64	82	68	71.00	W	W	NW	Cloudy.	do	0.12	Rain.
18	30.16	67.75	46.	30.11	69.	42.	62	76	57	64.00	NW	NW	NW	Clear.	do		
19	30.26	66.50	36.	30.26	68.	39.	56	74	55	60.83	NW	NW	N	do	do		Very brilliant aurora.
20	30.35	62.50	29.	30.12	65.50	48.	51	67	62	62.17	W	S	S	do	do		Slight rain in the night.
21	29.97	72.	58.	29.87	74.50	60.	64	83	73	72.33	SW	W	N	do	do		
22	29.93	68.	62.	29.835	69.75	66.	58	73	62	65.00	N	SE	NW	Cloudy.	Cloudy.	1.36	Rain.
23	29.83	67.	62.	29.83	73.50	66.	62	86	60	68.83	SW	S	SW	Clear.	Clear.		
24	29.945	63.	55.	29.93	62.25	49.	59	63	56	57.83	N	SE	SE	Cloudy.	Cloudy.	0.46	Rain night.
25	29.875	57.50	54.	29.93	61.25	56.	50	69	56	58.33	SW	SE	N	do	do		Rain morning.
26	30.175	55.50	49.	30.215	57.	51.	50	54	51	51.00	NE	NE	S	do	do	0.44	Rain.
27	30.23	51.	43.	30.19	50.75	47.	46	51	48	48.83	S	S	S	do	do		Rain.
28	30.11	52.25	51.	30.005	61.50	54.	49	70	60	60.83	SE	SE	NE	do	Clear.		
29	30.07	59.	56.	30.075	59.50	57.	56	62	56	57.17	NE	NE	NE	do	Cloudy.	0.55	Rain.
30	30.27	53.75	50.	30.30	54.	43.	51	54	51	51.17	E	E	E	do	do		Rain.
31	30.295	57.50	34.	30.21	61.50	28.	46	73	55	57.83	E	SE	SE	Clear.	Clear.		Aurora.

RESULTS.

External Thermometer.

Mean of first half of the month,..... 58.09
Mean of second half of the month,..... 61.15
Mean of the whole month,..... 59.62
Fair days 21½; cloudy 9½. Rain on 12 days.
Rain Gauge, 3 inches and 86-100ths.
Warmest day, 21st; coldest day, 13th.
Highest deg. 86; lowest 34.
Winds.—North 3 days; north-east 3½; east 2½;
south-east 3; south 9; south-west 3½; west 3; north-
west 3½. Prevailing wind, south.

Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity,
and reduced to 32°.

Morning,..... 30.082 inches.
Evening,..... 29.995 do.
Noon,..... 30.042 do.
3 P. M..... 29.975 do.
12 P. M..... 30.027 do.
Maximum,..... 30.435 do.
Minimum,..... 29.625 do.
Monthly range,..... 0.81 do.

Dew Point.

Mean in morning,..... 45° 77
Mean in evening,..... 48° 06
Mean force of vapor, 0.362 inches.
Mean deg. of dryness, 17° 24 thermometric scale.
do. moisture, 585. nat. scale Hygrom.
Least degree of moisture observed, .219.
Amount of evaporation,..... 7.967 inches.
Weight of Vapor in a cubic foot.
Mean,..... 4.010 grains.
Maximum,..... 7.447 do.
Minimum,..... 1.728 do.

BALLAD.

From the German of Uhland.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

"What wakes me from my heavy sleep,
With tones so low and sweet?
O, mother, see, who can it be,
So late within the street?"

"I hear no sound—I see no form,
O, slumber, soft and mild,
No midnight music comes for thee,
My poor and sickly child."

"It was no music of the earth
That sounded in mine ear;
The Angels call me with their songs:
Good night, O, mother dear!"

[From the London Athenæum.]

WALTER THE WITLESS.

When the wild winds howl, and the white waves roar,
And the hills rock where they stand,
When the hurricane heaves at the back of the shore,
Till the cliffs stoop over the strand,
On the mist-covered peak, while the thick rains pour,
I shake my dark locks at the ocean hoar,
And hoot him away from the land!

In my tree-hollow'd skiff, with my feet gun'ale wide,
While the green rack garters my knee,

Sculling bravely I swamp it half under the tide,
Like a mast that peeps up from the sea;
Like a gray gull at roost on the steep wave side,
Up and down, at my ease, I can steadily ride
On the surge at high gallop with me.

The village loons shout to behold me aloft,
With my hand in the nest of the eam,
Hanging back o'er the lake far beneath me, and oft
By a stalk of wild heath or of fern;
Yet in spite of the beak at my eyes, fair and soft
I bring down an eaglet, to teach at my croft
"Cuckoo!" if the kestrel would learn.

Good lack! how my half-crazed mother, with screams,
Called me down when perched on the spire,
Like a swallow that chuckles for joy in the beams
Of the sun's mellow evening fire;
Forsooth as if Walter had walked in his dreams,
When the huts plain as hives he saw, and the streams
Like bright threads run thro' the shire!

Then who can like Wat in summertime away
On the long bough sweeping the lynn,
Nor fear as he slumbers the warm noon away
To sidle forgetfully in?
Yet as safe as the bee on the wild rose spray,
That bends with his weight till it kisses the bay,
I drowse o'er the deep river din.

But at night, O rare! when the beldames yawn,
I slip to the church-yard green,

Round the new-opened graves and skulls glossy gnawn,
And coffin-plates glittering sheen,
To dance with the white people there till dawn—
Whoop hollo! away to the moonbright lawn,
For the elves call Walter I ween! G. D.

ON A FOUNTAIN SACRED TO PAN.

These elms and willows, with long pointed leaves;
This plane, where bough with bough its foliage weaves,
This fountain, with its water trickling clear;
These rustic drinking cups, for ever near—
To Pan are sacred all: drink, passer-by!
Thou'lt find it med'cine—if thy throat be dry.

THE ZODIAC,

Is published at No. 67 State-street, Albany, at ONE DOLLAR per annum, (payable in advance,) by ERAS-
TUS PERRY, Proprietor, assisted by a number of litera-
ry gentlemen.

The size of the periodical is an imperial octavo, each number containing 16 pages. Its typographical exe-
cution will be carefully attended to. It is devoted to
Science, Literature and the Arts, and will exhibit a
faithful and instructive picture of the literary world,
passing through all its signs and seasons.

In all orders for the Zodiac, the name of the Indi-
vidual, the Town, or nearest Post-Office, County and
State, where they are to be sent, should be written
very plain.

Agents and Post-Masters will be allowed twenty-five
per cent, on all monies remitted free of postage.

The Postage of this periodical, for 100 miles or less,
is 1½ cents—over 100 miles 2½ cents.

FROM THE STEAM PRESS OF
PACKARD & VAN BENTHUYSEN.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

A few of our smaller foibles,.....Page	55	Impromptu, to Eliza,.....Page	145	Pozzo di Borgo,.....Page	56
Autumn,.....	73	Impromptu, by a Lady,.....	150	Press, freedom of the,.....	69
American Literature, Lectures on, 80, 44, 52, 71, 89, 100, 122, 132, 150, 170, 185		I would not live away,.....	162	Poetry,.....	93
Albany Female Academy, history and descrip- tion of,.....	116	I've strung my lyre,.....	182	Primrose in autumn,.....	112
Annie, lines to,.....	116	London, a sketch,.....	2	Paris, a letter from,.....	112
Atmosphere, lines to the,.....	128	L'Envoi,.....	1	Pictorial sketches of the Louvre,.....	124
Appetite for food,.....	138	Literary fashions,.....	14	Poem, by Coleridge,.....	136
Artesian wells, an account of,.....	160	Literary remunerations,.....	19	Price of labor in France,.....	159
Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, extract from,.	59	Letter from Prof. Wilson,.....	26	Poem by Dutchess of Devonshire,.....	165
Blind Girl of Thessaly, death song of the,...	135	Lament of Queen of Portugal,.....	54	Prognostics,.....	174
Beggar at the Barrier de Passy,.....	187	London, humbler employments of,.....	76	Quebec, a winter visit to,.....	161, 145
Column for fathers of families,.....	21	Lines on visiting the country,.....	67	Rock, synopsis of,.....	27
Central Africa, exploration of,.....	63	Louis Philippe,..... 77, 83, 104, 124, 173,	184	Revolutionary relics,.....	97, 118
Canals and rail-roads,.....	88	Lines on sending out a little boy to his parents,	139	Riding off,.....	154
Consolation,.....	97	Lines sung at the opening of a literary institu- tion,.....	145	Seekers and keepers,.....	8
Countess of Blessington, sketch of,.....	97	Letters from the pen of Emerson,.....	162, 182	Stanzas for music,.....	17
Clergyman in debt,.....	102	Literary Emoluments,.....	176	Summer, the last days of,.....	26
Coins, essay on,...	125	Loch Lomond,.....	178	Summary of foreign and domestic news, 28, 48, 63	
Comparative anatomy and physiology, lectures on,..... 134, 152, 169,	180	Metternich, sketch of,..... 9, 28, 36		Silver hair,.....	44
Coleridge, character of,.....	143	Metternich and Dr. Gall,.....	41	Sister's grave,.....	64
Disappointments of life,.....	136	Mount Auburn, lines to the burial ground at,.	65	Sonnet,.....	68
Dies and Medals, the engraving of,.....	140	Musical instruction,..... 73, 86,	108	Self-knowledge,.....	68
De Kalb papers,.....	164	Mild star of eloquence,.....	96	Steam-carriages,.....	96
Ettrick Shepherd, early days of,.....	49	Meteorological observations, abstract of,.....	128	Sincerity,.....	95
Education, lines on,.....	96	Music in England,.....	121	Summer, last flowers of,.....	98
Echo song,.....	107	Meteorological observations, 144, 160, 176,	188	Scenes on the ocean,.....	117
Ettrick Shepherd, lines on the death of,.....	119	Madrigal,.....	134	Song,.....	132
Ettrick Shepherd, last moments of,.....	120	Meteorological observations, instructions for making and registering,.....	147, 171	Significations,.....	143
Echo and silence,.....	122	March of Bonaparte's army to Milan,.....	159	Standard measures of Great Britain,.....	155
Entomology, by James Eights, M. D.,.....	178	My Brain,.....	161	Shops and shopping in India,.....	157
Eleazar in the Fortress of Massada,.....	182	Madeira, visit to,.....	166	South Africa, letter from,.....	167
Fall of the leaf,.....	49	May,.....	167	Sabbath morning,.....	176
F. A. B. lines to,.....	86	Midnight music,.....	188	Tales of fathers and daughters,..... 2, 25, 39	
Forest child,.....	129	Naturalist's every day book, by James Eights, M. D.,..... 4, 23, 39, 42, 60,	129	To a little boy,.....	33
Father's lament,.....	144	Navigation, the art of,.....	12	To the author of Redwood,.....	41
Forging the Anchor,.....	184	Notices, Editorial,.....	28, 63	The moon was a waning,.....	59
Genius, lines on,.....	83	New temperance society,.....	95	Troubles of the newly married,.....	75
Genius, efforts of,..... 90, 103,	141	Natural history, study of,..... 80, 91, 110,	128	To my little nephew,.....	81
Gemini, lines on,.....	162	Napoleon, anecdotes of, 64, 93, 107, 173, 180,	187	To the memory of a brave young man,.....	103
Gentle nurse,.....	177	New Year's book,.....	102	The stock-jobber,.....	127
Hymn for Independence,.....	48	Notes of a Pedestrian, by James Eights, M. D.,..... 111, 113, 141, 146,	177	Tombs of King John and Prince Arthur,.....	127
Hon. Mrs. Norton,.....	103	North-west passage,.....	156	To the Tiber,.....	147
Introduction, editorial,.....	1	Not all a dream,.....	161	Taste,.....	174
India, a poem, 15, 31, 38, 52, 70, 88, 99, 121, 138,	151	Notes of birds,.....	169	The blessings of literature,.....	175
Indian village,.....	17	Napoleon, lines to the memory of,.....	180	Vae Vobis,.....	49
Indian summer,.....	69	New State Hall, description of,.....	137	Vicious forms of speech,.....	95
I would that I were beautiful,.....	96	No-childed and many-childed,.....	183	Voyage of discovery,.....	102
India, letters from,..... 17, 51, 65, 81,	98	One of the ills of human life,.....	1	Verses to the comet,.....	113
Items from Paris,.....	143	Ode to solitude,.....	50	Voyage of life,.....	104
		Press, power of the,..... 2, 35		Walter Scott's autograph,.....	9
		Power, an essay,.....	22	West Point,.....	67, 82
		Parental hope,.....	4	Walter Scott and his publisher,.....	102
				Washington's birth-day,.....	146
				Walter the witless,.....	188
				Wilson, Prof. letter from,.....	26